

THE ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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Published by the
STATE DEPARTMENT
OF
ARCHIVES AND HISTORY

Vol. 8

No. 3

FALL ISSUE

1946

WALKER PRINTING COMPANY
Printers and Stationers
Montgomery, Ala.

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EDITORIAL

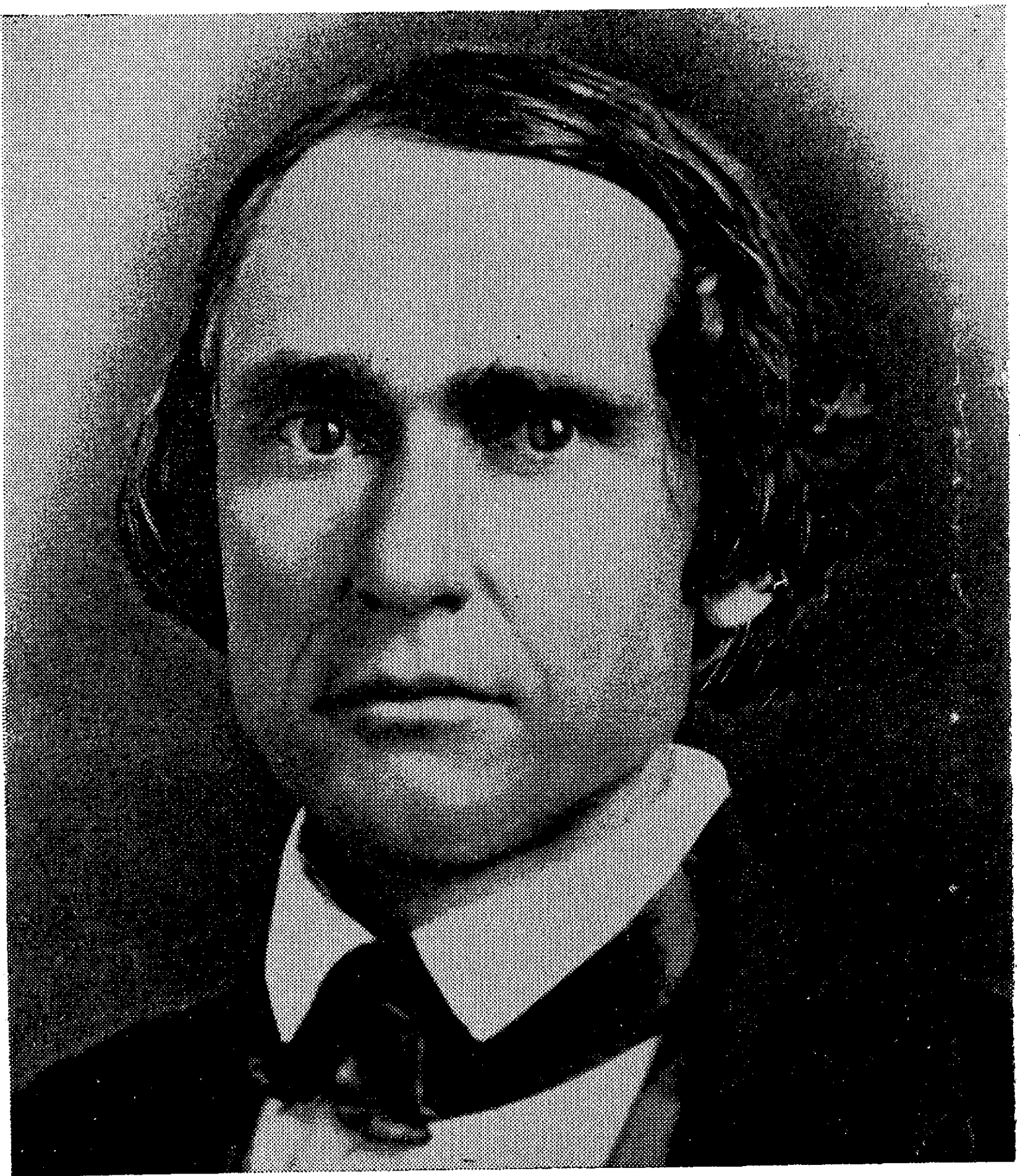
This issue of the ALABAMA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, is the third in Volume 8. Number 4 will also consist of County histories, after which miscellaneous historical articles will be resumed. History of Autauga County, by Shadrack Mims, of Prattville, was written about 1886 and only covers the earliest period of the County.

A second section is given over to a very early history of Cherokee County by the Rev. J. D. Antony, being reproduced from clippings from the Gadsden Times, dates not preserved. The sketch of Rev. Anthony is a portion of an address made by Mr. Hugh W. Cardon, of Birmingham, before a group of ladies in Centre, Alabama, his subject being "The Cherokee Indians".

The several issues of the Quarterly carrying County histories have proven very popular, especially with those living in the Counties presented.

The Editor.





SHADRACK MIMS

SHADRACK MIMS

There is no available data concerning the life of Shadrack Mims, author of this History of Autauga County, other than a few fragmentary facts in possession of his grandson, Mr. Shadrack Mims, of Prattville. He is in possession of a letter written by the historian to his children in which he gives a description of the physical appearance of his parents and some information of his earliest American ancestry. In speaking of his paternal grandfather he states that his name was Kirkham but whether that was the surname or the Christian name is not clear. He states that this man was an Irish weaver by profession who emigrated to America in order to improve his fortunes. A wealthy man paid his passage across the Atlantic under his promise to weave a certain number of yarns after they arrived which he did. Two of his daughters whom the writer knew personally married men who died in middle life and left competent fortunes to their descendants, several of whom accumulated considerable property. Two of the emigrant's great-grandchildren became millionaires.

The historian states that his mother was married twice, her first husband being Abraham Ayers, who lived in Twiggs or Lincoln County, Ga., and was shot down by the Tories as he rode up to a neighbor's house they were plundering. This incident occurred a few weeks after the Ayers marriage. Later the widow Ayers married Shadrack Mims, grandfather of the historian, who at his death left a considerable fortune and a family of several sons and daughters. This maternal grandfather came from Wales about the middle of the 18th century and worked his way across the Atlantic. During the Revolutionary War he was robbed by the Tories of all his property but by diligent industry he recouped it and at his death left a considerable fortune. Three sons and daughters intermarried with substantial young men and women. The oldest daughter, Sallie, married William Jemison, of Tuscaloosa, and had a family of children, including Robert Jemison, conspicuous in the Secession Convention of 1861. Other members of the Jemison family located in Birmingham and were prominent in building that city.

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HISTORY OF AUTAUGA COUNTY

By Shadrack Mims, of Prattville

(There is no date given for the writing of this article but it was written about 1886.)

At the earnest request of my old and valued friend, Dr. S. P. Smith of Prattville, I have promised to assist him and others to write out a History of Autauga County, which, do the best we can, will be incomplete and in many instances incorrect, as we shall have to rely almost entirely upon memory this perhaps is better than no history at all.

To me this would be a pleasure rather than irksome and disagreeable were I not so feeble and worn down by age and its accompanying infirmities.

My mind delights to recall the names of men whom I looked up to in my youth as models for the formation of my character. Next October will be sixty five years since I first touched the soil of Autauga Alabama the Indian definition of Alabama is "here we rest" and literally here have I rested as I am now only four miles from the spot where I first planted my foot-prints which was at the mouth of Autauga Creek where it empties itself into the Alabama River which so mystically flows to the mighty ocean. From the name of this creek the County gets her name—Autauga—how symphonious the name sounds, "Autauga Alabama".

None but a youth of seventeen can fully realize the visions of pleasure and hope that then flitted before my inexperienced mind and overexcited imagination. The experience, however, of sixty-five years of toil and struggle has quite sobered me down to a proper equilibrium.

When I reached the little village of Washington, what did I see? The most conspicuous building that met my view was a brick building which they called the Court House—this though small was large enough for the population, besides this there was a respectable building put up by Wade H. Cox, the founder of the village, and kept by him. There were two or three stores, one kept by Pickett & Peck—I do not recollect by whom the others were kept—Pickett & Peck had the largest. There were

a good many people in town and business seemed brisk and lively, more so than in Montgomery—at that time Montgomery and Washington regarded themselves as rivals. There were more men of wealth and influence settled in the vicinity of Washington than there were about Montgomery, and there were three men particularly in Washington who gave tone to the place, viz.: Wade H. Cox, the father of Capt. J. J. Cox, subsequently of steamboat notoriety. Cox was an enterprising, industrious man with some means when he moved to Alabama. He very judiciously invested his means in lands on both sides of the River which secured to him the right of the ferry property and this, from the tide of immigration to this State, was very valuable at that time. Death, however, soon called for him and all that was mortal of him was deposited in full view of the Warehouse at Washington. There was another man, Charles G. Rush, the father of the Rev. J. W. Rush who is now editor of the Alabama Christian Advocate at Birmingham. Mr. Rush was a Methodist and a man of sterling worth who came from South Carolina. He was engaged in blacksmithing and woodshop business for the accommodation of the surrounding country. Such was his character for honesty, faithfulness, and promptness that he soon established himself in a very lucrative business which secured to him quite a competency, he, however, moved to Macon County, Alabama.

Maj. James Howard who lived in sight of the village was a man of great worth and solid character. He too moved to Macon County, Alabama. About the time of their removal there sprang up a political excitement as to the removal of the Court House to the center of the County which culminated in its removal; then the sudden springing up of Prattville completely broke up Washington so that at this time, 1885, there is scarcely a vestige of the place left. Before I leave the history of the place I will introduce to the reader the name of the young man who afterwards bore a conspicuous part in shaping not only the politics of the County, but of the State of Alabama. It was none other than that of Benjamin Fitzpartick, who became at one time our Governor and then our Senator to Congress, the latter position he filled at the time Lincoln was made President and all the Southern members withdrew. It was never claimed by Fitzpatrick's warmest friends and supporters that he was either a very profound lawyer or statesman, yet he made a Governor and a Senator to Congress and gave full satisfaction

to the people. His great strength lay in his good sound common sense and superior tact in management, which is the basis of profound statesmanship. As I have given the history of Washington as it was when I was a boy of seventeen and as it is now in my eighty-first year, the reader will please follow me a distance of ten miles down the river to Vernon, a little town on a high bluff of the Alabama River where I expected to strike tent, perhaps for life. This town was started by Seaborn Mims, my brother and guardian—he preceded me one year, leaving me behind at school at Marion, in Perry County. My old teacher Daniel McLeod from N. C., who was educated at the State College of that State came over with me. My brother's family were living at the place owned and cultivated now by Mims Howard. This place was purchased by my brother from Col. Peacock who moved to Montgomery; the place was afterwards sold to Col. Wm. R. Pickett who settled near Washington.

That farm has always been regarded as one of the most desirable situations in the State.

My brother, Seaborn Mims, and his wife were both Methodists. They built up a church in this little town which embraced all of its citizens except two or three and was famous at that day for its zeal. My brother having sold out his farm to Col. Pickett and having no land to cultivate, moved to Perry County in the neighborhood of Robert Jamison, his brother-in-law, who afterwards sold to Col. DeYampert—here my brother and wife built up another church embracing some of the best citizens of that section. After he left Vernon, the church was broken up, every member moving off to other parts except two, myself and Wm. McPherson the latter now living near Fayetteville, Talladega County, Alabama. He is now considerably advanced in his nineties and is the only man of all that I have mentioned that I know to be alive at this date.

Having gone ten miles ahead of my story, I must ask the reader to go back with me to Washington and I will give him a description of the County as it then was and the names and characters of the citizens within several miles of the road on either side. I am thus particular in order to give the reader an idea of the character of the citizens who were to give coloring to the standard of civilization in the State. The first house on the road is that of Maj. James Howard within half mile of

Washington—he owned a fine farm and followed that business exclusively. Both he and his wife were Methodists of the first stamp, both from Georgia—his wife a daughter of Robert Motley, Senior, who settled on Whitewater Creek and engaged in the lumber business and grinding of grist for the accommodation of a new County—he was very old and palsied but every inch of him a man of the right sort to settle a new country and give it a character. Lest I should get ahead of my history, I will drop the name of Motley, will leave to refer to it again as I present a true history. The next house is on the left of the road about a half mile distant and occupied temporarily by Gen. Tom Woodward of Georgia. The General had acquired a fine reputation for his success in fighting the Indians, for which he was peculiarly fitted. His fame followed him from Georgia, as he had many warm friends and acquaintances in and around Washington and other places. In some respects he was a most remarkable man. In height he was near six feet, strong and symmetrically proportioned, not a pound of surplus flesh—in action as agile as a cat and as fearless as a lion with an eagle's eye which if once it gazed upon a man never mistook him for another. A memory remarkable for its tenacity, he could repeat what he had seen and heard with the greatest accuracy. At an advanced period of life he married a Miss DuBose of Dallas; he has long since passed away and whether or not he left any children, I know not. The next house we pass is the residence of Billy Rice, at that time a Methodist exhorter, but afterwards president of the Protestant Methodists. He too has long since passed away. He had two brothers, Josiah and Thurston Rice—the latter was a Baptist preacher of the Hard Shell or Anti-Missionary type. They were in good standing in society and in their church, both good farmers and plentiful livers. In sight of Billy Rice's homestead lived Maj. Hamilton on a beautiful farm land very productive. He was a successful farmer and a good citizen, if a member of any church, it was the Baptist. He was a man whose habits of life would give tone to a new County. He died in the early history of the County, leaving a widow and several sons—Jim, and Fred by first ife, Tom by 2nd wife and Moses. His widow afterwards married a Mr. Brantley Cheek a poor but very respectable young man. Cheek soon died, leaving his widow with one daughter—his widow marrying a third husband, Archibald Wilson, by whom

she had no child. She died some years since and Mr. Wilson married a daughter of our Probate Judge, James H. Booth.

I think the original Mrs. Hamilton was the daughter of Thornton Rice, the Baptist preacher above mentioned. Now we cross Nolan's Creek, here hangs a sad story according to the tradition as to the way the name was given to the creek. A man named Nolan and his little son undertook to cross this creek when in a swollen condition—their cart was upset and Nolen and his little son drowned. Now look just to the left and you see the home of our acquaintance—Thornton Rice, who was the father of our lately deceased Wm. T. Rice. Look to the right of the road and you see the house of Stephen Pearce on a high eminence, he was Uncle to the late Stephen Pearce who died in Prattville a few years since. The Uncle was a man of sterling worth, a Methodist steward—by trade, a farmer and for many years Tax Collector of the County. He came from Georgia.

A little further on again look to a high eminence and you see the house of Maj. Wm. Hester from Georgia. This man and his wife, both Methodists of the right stripe, his wife a daughter of Warren Stone and sister of Jimmie Nicholson. Hester died in early life, leaving no children. Nicholson died leaving a son and two daughters that I know of. His oldest daughter married Benjamin Taylor. I think Mrs. Taylor afterwards married J. B. Wilkinson, a young man from East Tennessee whose prudent conduct introduced him into the best society. From this marriage a large family has sprung, the most of whom are now engaged in business and exhibiting characters that no parents or County need be ashamed of. The youngest daughter of Nicholson married Leonedas Howard of this County—the same may truthfully be said of this marriage as of the first. I must not forget to say that the widow of Maj. Hester married Dr. Thomas P. Frith, a worthy man and a Methodist.

Dr. Frith had one daughter who had been made motherless by death. Mrs. Hester was the right mother in the right place. Now reader let me point to another residence on a high hill in sight, the home of Organ Tatum who raised a large family, sons and daughters, and late in life father, mother, and all the children embraced religion and lived on happily and harmoniously together. All of them moved out west and many of them have gone to their last rest. In the same vicinity lived a brother

of O. Tatum's named Berry Tatum. Berry was a Baptist and nothing else, a good citizen, a man of genius, though of a kind and generous heart. There were two other Tatums who immigrated to this State early, Joel and Peter. Joel moved to Lowndes County and Peter lived three miles west of Montgomery. If I mistake not Berry Tatum of Montgomery is a son of Peter. Berry is known to be a successful merchant and a fair dealer. Now reader as I have described several families and their residences on the right and left of the road leading west which at that time was the thoroughfare for the vast influx of population to Alabama, even to Mississippi line, I must notice a slip of country lying to the left of the road to the river in the form of a crescent. In this crescent there are some large and valuable farms first settled by wealthy men. The location being unfavorable to health, these farms were merely stocked with negroes and superintended by overseers. Maj. Alsey Pollard, a wealthy planter from Georgia, owned a large and valuable plantation and a summer residence one mile west of Washington. In 1845 he died and his brother-in-law, Jas. Ramsey from Georgia, administered on his estate and kept the children—three sons and one daughter together till they became of age.

Col. H. Hayne of South Carolina bought a large and very valuable plantation which embraced Manack Island in the Alabama River. He stocked this plantation with Negroes, mules, etc., but not succeeding according to expectations, he sold out his plantation, negroes and all to Dr. Zacheus Pope, then a practicing physician, but comparatively a poor man. Such, however, was the confidence of Col. Hayne that he sold him his place on time to be paid in annual installments with interest. Dr. Pope, contrary to the predictions of many, came out all right in the end and found himself a rich man. The sequel, however, of his life, from this transaction to his death in 1846 goes to show that such a transaction did not end well to his family. There was another plantation just below this settled by Wm. Graves from Georgia—a man of considerable means, a Methodist together with his wife and some of his children. His youngest son, Peyton S. Graves, entered the itinerant ministry in early life and soon rose to eminence—he was a man of fine talents and of fine personal appearance, as were all his brothers.

There was another fine plantation settled by
of South Carolina, and I think now owned by W. D. Smith,

who was born and raised in this County, and lives at the head of Bear Creek within a few miles of where he was born. He is now getting pretty far advanced in life. A large portion of these lands are now owned by Malcom Wadsworth, the son of Daniel Wadsworth who came to this County a poor man and was overseer for Malcom Smith for many years. His son, Malcom, when quite a young man, enlisted in the late war, and when it ended, returned home poor and penniless—finding his father also poor and stripped of what property he had at the beginning of the war. I mention this incident to show what a determined spirit can accomplish under the most unfavorable circumstances. Young Wadsworth had been raised to hard work on the farm and assisted his father in making a handsome little fortune.

There are two other children of their family doing well under equally as unfavorable circumstances, Wm. Wadsworth and a daughter living in Montgomery, keeping a large boarding house and, as I learn, making a fortune.

Now reader I am ready to move slowly in this great western thoroughfare. The next house we come to is that of Gen. E. Y. Fair. This place was originally settled by two poor men from South Carolina, one by the name of Bailey and the other named Hathcock. They were poor but respectable men, good farmers and made plenty to live on. They sold out and their place was occupied by other. Col. W. R. Pickett bought it for a niece of Mrs. Pickett's who settled first in North Alabama. Her name was Body—a sister of Clem Lanier who moved from North Alabama and settled near Mulberry P. O. Mrs. Body married a Mr. S. H. N. Dixon, a commission merchant of Mobile. They sold out to Col. Wyatt, who married a daughter of Todd Robinson, the first settler of Robinson Springs. Col. E. Y. Fair married Wyatt's daughter, and at the death of her father his wife inherited the place. Col. Dixon moved his family near Clem Lanier's and likely some members of the family are still there. The next house we pass is one built by Luke Huffman. He married a widow by the name of Roy, a sister of George Stoudemire who settled in the Dutch Bend and was the father of all the Stoudemire's who settled immediately in that Bend. Both Huffman and his wife have long since died, they left no issue. Mrs. Roy had two sons by her first husband who have raised large families and are now living in this County. Two sons and a daughter in Memphis.

We now leave this place, the road changing to a due east course makes another crescent from a bend in the river. We now cross Bear Creek a slow, stagnant little stream, which takes its rise about six miles north. The farms on this creek have always been unhealthy, the land is fertile, but cut up by ponds and marshes giving them an unsightly appearance. After crossing this little creek, I will take the reader to the left of the road where an old man named Nicholas Zeigler settled—he came from South Carolina, was a man of means, a good farmer and made money. After his death his land was sold to Terry De-Jarnett. There lived near Zeigler a man by the name of John Carrel, also from South Carolina. Carrel either died or moved away and his place was occupied by a Mr. Hinton. With these names I finish up the left side of the road.

Now to the right of the road there is a considerable tract of country between Bear Creek and Cypress swamp. This swamp takes its beginning west of Vernon and makes an entire emptying into the river about two miles above Vernon. It is a filthy looking pond to this day, but the lands contiguous are rich.

There were two brothers—Adam and Mathew Brinson—from Georgia, who lived on these places some years and then moved off. I do not know who occupies or owns these lands now. There was a family from Georgia named both the heads of this family were old and well stricken in years when they moved here and did not live long. They left a handsome start in life for their children, Joshua, Ben, William and Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. W. with her husband and younger brother William moved to Talladega County near Fayetteville. I think all the children of these two old folks are dead; some of their grand children are still living in Talladega County. Before I go further the reader must excuse me for relating a little incident that occurred at Billy Grave's, whose name has been mentioned already. It was in the fall of 1822—a camp-meeting—perhaps the first in Alabama, at least the first in this portion of it—was held and largely attended from far and near. There were some eminent local preachers who had seen hard service in the itinerant ranks and whose hearts were all aglow with zeal and the love of God going out for sinners—and they did work at this meeting the influence of which will never cease. I will mention some of the names of these men with whom I was

intimately acquainted to date their conversion from this meeting, William McPherson, John DuBose, and Thomas Smith—Wm. McPherson is the only one now living, he lives in Talladega County at the advanced age of 94 or 95. He still goes to church a mile from his home every sabbath and has a class in Sunday School. There were many others whose names I do not remember that were converted at this meeting, John DuBois lived in Vernon—he afterwards became a local preacher and was faithful to the end. He died at the advanced age of 83. Besides making a living, and rearing a large family, he did much good as a preacher.

Thomas Smith was simply a lay member of the church, but a man in whom every one had confidence and no doubt did much good in influencing others to do right. Every member of his family became religious and raised up their children in the right way. One of his sons I think became an Itinerant Methodist preacher in the Protestant Methodist Church and was very useful. He, however, changed his church relations and joined the Episcopal Church, and is now rector of a church in Talladega—has been there many years. The second son studied and has practiced within three miles of where his father first settled, which was on the place where I now live.

Dr. Smith is now getting to be an old man, his hair and beard are quite white and his health is on the decline. He has had all along just as much practice as he could well attend to, and has done much charity practice in Alabama. Since 1846, the year he embraced religion and joined the church—he has been a leading member, acting as steward and Sunday School superintendent and a leader in church music.

No citizen of Prattville has done more to give a moral and religious tone to the place than Dr. Smith. His oldest son, Eugene A. Smith, was highly educated and finished his education in Germany. He is at this time State Geologist and a professor in the State University, and has been for many years. He is a member of the M. E. Church South. He married a daughter of Dr. Garland, who is President of Vanderbilt University and a man of great learning and literary research.

Thomas Smith has another son—T. C. Smith—a man who has ever stood high and is now County Superintendent of Educa-

tion in Autauga County. Besides these, there is another son, Daniel N. Smith, who raised a very large family of children. He was a farmer and had a saw and grist mill and was County Surveyor. He was a pious and devoted member of the M. E. Church.

I can't say that the conversion of Thomas Smith at the Graves's Camp meeting was the cause of bringing about such happy results in the future of his family, but it is more than likely it had much to do in shaping the destiny of that family. He came to this County a very poor man and followed mill and screw building and gin gearing—all of which were in great demand in the early history of our County. This gave him a little start in the world and he then settled down for life and died at an advanced age.

I hope the reader will excuse the length at which I have dwelt upon this pleasant little episode in the history of Autauga. Should this little history ever see the light of day, it may be pleasant for future generations to reflect upon.

But to go back to where we were before I began this incident in order to relieve the monotony of our ride. The next place we come to was settled by Williamson Mims, a distant relative of mine. He settled directly on the bluff of the river, but becoming dissatisfied with the County on account of the unhealthfulness of his situation, he moved back to Georgia and there died at a good old age, after becoming the owner of a hundred slaves and several valuable plantations besides several saw and grist mills. I think he settled in Georgia near Cotton Valley. He and his whole family embraced religion in Vernon. I saw him a short time before his death and the family still held on to their religion.

In a short time we come to the place of Timothy L. Rogers—he too was from Georgia and settled on the bluff of the river. He was displeased on account of the health of his location and moved not far from Aberdeen, Miss., where I have understood that his oldest son, Manon, became an eminent lawyer.

John DeJarnette bought both Rogers' and Mims' plantations and cultivated them until his death, which occurred I think in 1848. John P. DeJarnette was a good farmer and manager; a man of open and generous heart; a kind neighbor; a warm

and fast friend, though like other men, he had his weak points. He has not at this time a single representative in the County. His last wife was a widow McQueen, a native of North Carolina and her maiden name was McBryde. She was one of the best women I ever knew—was a member of the M. E. Church South. She left one son by her first husband. This son, Murdock McQueen, lives in the County and married a daughter of Alex Sample, ex-sheriff of the County. McQueen is a man highly respected and has held the office of County Surveyor for many years. Mrs. DeJarnette had a son and a daughter by her last husband. Both of these children live in Jefferson County near Birmingham. The latter married Wm. J. Mims. Terry DeJarnette died and left a widow with a son and two daughters, one of whom married a Mr. Haynie who now lives in Montgomery and does business for Pollak & Co. The second daughter married a Mr. Maule who also lives in Montgomery. I think Mrs. DeJarnette is living with her son at Autaugaville; she and her husband were members of the Episcopal Church, and I think her husband built the Episcopal Church of Autaugaville pretty much out of his own means.

There was a Wm. P. DeJarnette, a younger brother, who lived on a farm near Vernon. He married a Miss Fanny McBryde, sister of Mrs. J. P. DeJarnette. She too, was a Methodist and a good woman. After the death of his wife Mr. DeJarnette moved with his sons to Texas and there died. He has no representative in this County at present.

Now reader I am in Vernon, the place where I first pitched my tent and where I lived twenty-six years.

All the property I ever made, which at the time I moved to Prattville I estimated at about thirty-five or forty thousand dollars, was made right in Vernon. Since coming to Prattville, I have about paid my expenses and no more; yet I for fifteen years did the hardest work of my life as Agent of the Prattville Manufacturing Co. I completely wrecked my health, resigned the Agency, and moved out of town upon the place I now own. Since which time I have been unable to do any out of door business and at times have been too weak to get from my bed to my chair and back again without assistance. At the close of the war, I found myself stripped of everything except my farm and that in a dilapidated condition. Four of my sons and one

son-in-law enlisted for the war and when they returned, they found me unable to assist them in business and themselves penniless, but they were all brought up to business and commenced life, and at this time have families of children growing up around them like olive plants by the riverside. They are all being educated and promise well in life's future, they are all religious and join the church as they grow up to maturity.

I have not a child or grandchild that would not divide the last crust of bread with his aged parents and grandparents—the father in his eighty-first year, nearly completed; the mother in her seventy-sixth year half completed, but now able to do and does do more work than since we were married, which will be fifty-three years next 13th March, 1886. Surely “goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life”—although poverty and affliction have overtaken me in old age, yet it is all for my good for “whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth”.

Reader, please pardon the allusion which I have made to myself and family. We form a part of the history of Autauga County which I am now writing, and I am the only representative of Seaborn Mims who was amongst the first settlers and who founded Vernon (the second village in the eastern portion of the State.) He was my guardian and raised me from ten to twenty years of age; I am also the only living representative of the Church he was instrumental in building up in Vernon—i. e. the only one now living in the County.

Vernon, though without a church, continued to be an active place of business until about 1848 when Autaugaville was built up, it was then swallowed up by Autaugaville, as was Washington by Prattville. Nothing now remains of it except an old dilapidated warehouse which I built there, and perhaps a low doggery,—a trap to catch the poor ignorant freedman. Ichabod is written upon her walls.

Before I leave Vernon, I must say something of her reputation as a place notable for pugilistic activities. This place, like all other little villages that supply the wants of the people, was the place of the gathering together of a large number of persons from the surrounding country. Amongst these there were two parties of pugilists, one called the Coker crowd, the other the Miller crowd. The latter consisted of three brothers, Henry,

Charles, and William, and two brothers of the Windham family who were neighbors and particular friends of the Millers; they were all stout, resolute fighters.

The Coker crowd consisted of about an equal number of stout men who boasted of their prowess in a rough and tumble fight. Saturday was the rallying day and often one or two of each side would take a hand, but they were equally matched, it always proved a drawn battle and had to be fought again. This state of affairs continued for several years; finally the parties met in full force and mutually agreed to parcel themselves out and engage in a general melee. I witnessed the fight from my store door—long and bloody was the fight, no man interfered and they fought till they were completely exhausted and both were willing to stop; first one and then another couple would separate until the whole ceased. The victory was generally awarded to the Miller crowd as the Cokers seemed the more used up. This was their last fight—soon both parties moved from the County and left no representatives to tell that such men ever lived in it. There is at this time a man living near Robinson Springs of that name but of another family of Cokers. This man though a son of old Scrouge Coker, one of the most intemperate men that ever lived in our County, is a very respectable man, an orderly, quiet Methodist who has maintained a consistent christian character till old age. He is a good farmer and well to do in the world.

Two miles from Vernon on a little creek called Yellow-water there lived an old white headed man named Jerry Lary. He was from Georgia and everybody loved him and called him "Uncle Jerry". He had a fertile farm and several negroes, was a good farmer, but was satisfied with just enough to keep everything fat and sleek about him. He had no family except his wife Martha, both "Uncle Jerry" and Aunt Martha were large and fleshy. "Uncle Jerry" had one weakness that followed him to his grave—he would go to Vernon every Saturday and get drunk on cheap Whiskey. While in this condition he was perfectly happy and seemingly harmless; he would sit still, pat his foot and laugh and call the name of his wife Martha. He always brought with him his favorite negro man, Lunn, who would take care of him and see him safe in the arms of his Martha. Uncle Jerry had a half brother by the name of John Hicks. He was called "Uncle John".

He had four sons and two daughters that were handsome laddies, neat, tidy, and prudent in their deportment. Uncle John was well to do in the world and a good farmer. His sons all had farms, servants, and families except the youngest, Jack Hicks. He was more intelligent than the others and the only one of the family that did not imbibe too freely. The Hicks family were honest, industrious, kind hearted and good neighbors; the only thing they lacked of making the very best material for giving character to a new County was education and culture. They had not been rightly trained in their youth and had received no religious training whatever except from a Hardshell Baptist now and then. They have a good many children and grandchildren now living in this County who are superior to the older set in point of intelligence and religious training, if not in wealth. The young people of the present generation have had a poor chance to make money, most of the young men of any patriotism having served four years in the war and those who did not fall in battle, upon reaching home finding their parents stripped of almost everything but their lands, had to commence life anew under the most embarrassing circumstances. The great wonder is that they have succeeded as well as they have. Let me here remark that of the families I have mentioned, the descendants of those that were poor and moderately poor have stood up better than those of the rich, fewer of the former class have left the County, but are here trying to build up their then old homesteads. How those have fared who have gone to new countries, of course, I cannot say. Again, the improvement in morals and religion and good citizenship generally of the former class has exceeded that of the latter. There are several reasons for this; first there was greater margin for improvement; second, the inducement was greater; third, their business habits were better suited to meet the exigencies of the country from the sudden changes caused by breaking up our labor system and social relations in life. But to go back to my narrative;—there were Judge Eli Terry and his father-in-law, Jimmy Pickett, living in this neighborhood; these were men of intelligence and mark before they came here. Judge Terry had a large family of sons and daughters, but at this time, there is not a single representative of his family in the County. Where they are and what their standing is, I do not know. I have overlooked one or two families that deserve mention; one in Vernon; the other lived, when I came here, on

Swift Creek where Col. W. R. Pickett's old mill formerly stood, within half a mile of Vernon. James L. Cottrell from Virginia built this mill before I moved to the County. It was used both as a saw and grist mill. Cottrell was a man of energy and means and a very ingenious mill wright. His career, however, was a most unfortunate one. He was killed in a fit of intoxication whilst pursuing a lad named Crawford. His family consisted of a wife, two daughters, and a son ;they sold out their place to Col. W. R. Pickett and moved to Hayneville or near there. At the time they left the son was about sixteen years of age. In the course of a few years that son studied law and soon reached the head of the Hayneville bar. His tastes soon let him into politics and as a stump orator he excelled all others in that County, and went to the legislature as long as he wished. He married into a wealthy and influential family by the name of McQueen, afterwards moved to Florida. What his success has been there, I know not. If still alive ,he must be near seventy-five years or more. His rise in the world was sudden and beyond precedent. He had, to my certain knowledge, no early educational advantages, so his natural powers must have been of a very superior order.

The other man that I passed over was a German from Brazil. He landed in Mobile, took the yellow fever, from which he recovered and then had chills and fever. He had no means of support and told me himself that he crawled on all fours and took such jobs as he could get about the kitchens. Finally he attracted the attention of a Roman Catholic lady who gave him assistance. When he got able to go on board a boat, cooking to pay his passage and landed at Vernon in a miserable plight and my brother assisted him till he regained his health. This man's name was John G. Herman. He died at an advanced age, worth fifty negroes, and several hundred acres of land lying on Swift Creek near Independence. He educated his family the best the County could afford, and his eldest son married into one of the most respectable families of the County.

Having finished up the history of Vernon and its vicinity, I will now proceed to Swift Creek and Whitewater and the country between these two streams which take rise north and northwest. The land lying between these two streams is thin pine land which was not noticed in the early settlement of the County, except for the sake of the pine timber which was

used not only in the surrounding County, but was wagoned over to Lowndes, as that County was scarce of pine timber. A great deal of it was rafted down the river to different points between there and Mobile. In the course of time, however, this land was pretty thickly settled up and the land though poor was found to produce both corn and cotton.

I propose to notice only the first settlers on these creeks as I cannot recollect the changes made since I moved away from that section to Prattville in 1846. On Swift Creek Wm. N. Thompson had a saw and grist mill at the place where Autauga-ville now stands. (This was in 1820). He also had a store. Capt. Thompson was an Englishman by birth, but married an American lady. He was a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, no man ever persevered through a long life under greater physical disabilities than did Capt. Thompson. His disease was dyspepsia in its most aggravated form. No man who ever knew Capt. Thompson and had dealings with him could say otherwise of him than that he was an honest man in his business transactions. He finally abandoned his business in this place and moved to Independence and there merchandised for several years.

When the Court House was moved from Washington to Kingston he moved to that place and built a tavern, kept public house and a store, remaining here till he raised his family. At one time he occupied the position of Clerk of the County Court.

Most or all of his family of children are still citizens of the County and not one of them but holds an honorable place in society. Capt. T. died at an advanced age and was buried in Kingston.

Zephaniah Hicks owned a saw mill built by Seaborn Mims on Whitewater. Mr. Hicks kept this mill until his death and made money in the business. Above this mill was one built by Robert Motley, Sr., whose name was mentioned in the early part of the history. He soon died, as he was an old man and afflicted with the palsy when he moved here. His two sons, Robert and B. Motley, lived in the same neighborhood with him and were engaged in farming. They cultivated thin uplands but both succeeded well. Robert lived three miles east of Independence and Ben lived near Autauga Creek, which place he

afterwards sold to L. M. Whetstone and moved to Macon County. He left a large family and I think Wm. M. Motley, who is now a minister of the M. E. Church South and a man of sterling worth and piety, is one of his sons. Robert Motley, Jr., died on his place near Independence, leaving one son who still lives in this County. I do not remember how many daughters he had, nor whom they married. A daughter of Robert Motley, Sr., was married to James Jackson, who first settled above Independence. I now close with the Motley family for the present.

There were several saw mills above Motley's, built by sons of George Deramus, who were successful in the lumber business. I think there were four brothers of the old stock, of the Deramus family, Jacob, George, Charles, and another whose name I fail to recall. They came from South Carolina, were all steady, industrious citizens and all settled on this little creek where they milled and farmed.

There were a goodly number of the Rawlinson family who settled on the east side of Whitewater; an old man and several sons. They were poor men, but highly respectable, honest, industrious, men. The father of this family was, I think, a wheelwright by trade: and his sons wagon makers and remarkable for faithfulness in their work. The first wagon I ever owned was made by one of these men and a better job was never done. I think those of the family still alive are living on Whitewater now. This family also was from South Carolina.

I will now return to Swift Creek and follow up that stream on the east side to Independence. An Irishman by the name of James H. Gorman settled a place one mile above Thompson's mill. He married a widow Powell, who had one son by her first husband. This son, Oliver, became wealthy; he first settled between the two Mulberry's and afterwards moved to Lowndes and I think died there. Gorman, like most Irishmen was witty and smart—he was always busy at something, but never succeeded at anything. He did not devote himself much to farming, but most of the time held some such position as Constable and discharges his duties faithfully and honestly. He made a support for his family and that was about all. His place was afterwards owned by Lewis C. Davis, a son of Jesse C. Davis. Jesse was a son of the Lewis C. Davis so universally known in the South as "Clubaxe" Davis—a Hardshell Baptist of the old

type from Georgia. I might as well take up the history of this most eccentric man, as I was intimately acquainted with him and all his family. They form a very important part in the history of Alabama. The original head of the family was a man of considerable property and settled himself very advantageously on a place adjoining that now occupied by Mims Howard. He was married twice and the children by his first wife were two sons and two daughters. One of these daughters married a Mr. Sillman and after his death was married a second time to Mr. James Hicks—known as “farmer Jas. Hicks” to distinguish him from another man of the same name who was not a farmer. James Hicks settled on Swift Creek just above Jas. H. Gorman, and was a good farmer; the only child of his that I know of was a son, who lives now perhaps on the very same place, a highly respected man and noted for being the best farmer in his neighborhood. Another daughter of L. C. Davis married Timothy C. Dunaway, who moved out west with his son-in-law, Lewis Murph. One of L. C. Davis’s sons was Anderson B. Davis, who did not succeed well in this County, but moved to Perry where he did better. Another son, John A. Davis, was a blacksmith by trade and was known as “Rhyming John”, I think he died in this County. L. C. Davis’s two sons by his last marriage, Aleck P., and Jesse C. were of much higher type and better finish and did well. J. C. Davis married a Mrs. Sims, a sister of Dr. James Mitchell. By this marriage there was one son, Lewis C. Davis who married the youngest daughter of Seaborn Mims. This lady now lives in Nashville and is the wife of a Mr. Newsom who is connected with the Southern Methodist Publishing House. L. C. Davis, alias, “Clubaxe Davis”, had two quite handsome daughters by his last marriage, one of whom married a Miles; the other, D. Lamar. Both men were highly respected. As to the old man Davis, he was a Baptist and nothing but a Baptist, you might as well have tried to split the gnarled oak as to change the religious opinion of “Clubaxe Davis”. He was intensely antimissionary, oposed to Sunday schools and all other institutions except that of preaching from the pulpit.

I remember there was a Rev. M. Randall from North Carolina who came to look after the interest of the Baptist Church in this then new Count. He was a highly accomplished and eloquent minister, full of the missionary fire. He found out that he could not gain access to the Hardshells, they closed their pulpits to him, and the only way he could preach to his Baptist mem-

bership was through the courtesy of the other denominations in extending to him the use of their pulpits. His visits, however, were useful to that church. There is not a vestige remaining of the old Ironsides and there has been a wonderful improvement in that church. Mr. Davis in point of zeal and hard common sense was above the average of Hardshell preachers. He, however, was very eccentric and with all very rough in his language. To give a specimen of his manner of reproving his church, I will relate an incident which took place at one of his churches located at Vernon and there were two or three wealthy members. In commenting upon the verse which speaks of Peter's letting down his hook and drawing up a fish with a piece of silver in his gills; the old man said Peter had better luck than he had for all the fish he caught must be tadpoles that had no gills, for he had never received a penny from any of them—this was a hard thrust, but was no doubt true. I mention this to show what sort of material our State had as to its religious instructions from a Baptist standpoint.

I have given the family more space than any other, because it was a large family of the Baptist order. In tracing the intermarriages of this family with others, there are but two instances in which they mixed with other denominations and in both these instances the grandchildren; one, a son, the other a daughter, were made Methodists.

In going a little further up Swift Creek, we come to the Coker settlement of which I spoke a few pages back. There was no other settlement up to Independence. Above that there were but few and those not important to this history.

Now Reader I will pass on to Prattville, some twelve miles east. On this route there were very few houses, one I described settled by Ben Motley and sold to L. M. Whetsont. Just after crossing Autuga Creek you see to the left the farm of Charles Booth, who had a large family and was poor but highly respected. In a few years, however, he made money enough to render him quite independent. His sons were raised to hard work on the farm and when they made their start in the world, they all showed energy and pluck, but some succeeded better than others. They were, however, all respected young men and have raised families. The next house we come to is Mr. Thomas Smiths', of whom I spoke further back.

The next place is Thos. Coleman's, who had a mill on a little creek two miles west of Prattville. Mr. Coleman was a Hardshell Baptist—he had considerable property, was very liberal, sicoal, and hospitable. He had two sons, both of whom joined the Methodist Church. Further along we come to Martin R. Burts', who married a Miss Griffis, and she being a Methodist the whole family became members of that demonination. Mr. Burt was an industrious, thrifty, moneymaking man of good character. His children all did well. The next house is that of Mrs. Mathews, the mother of Jesse W. and Jimmie Mathews—the first named a citizen of Prattville, the other of Georgia. Both men of sterling worth and members of the Missionary Baptist church.

I am now ready to enter upon the history of Prattville, a village started in 1839 by Daniel Pratt. This will require considerable space as it proved a success from the very start and has benefitted thousands besides its illustrious founder, who for the last 13 years has rested in his grave on a high eminence overlooking the village. To write out the history of Prattville to me is a pleasure, as I was identified with its business for fifteen years and during that time brought into close association with the head and chief of all the enterprises gotten up in the place. For fifteen years, I was Agent of the Cotton Factory and five years of the time, had one fourth interest in the Ginshop. I also managed the books and was financial Agent of both the Cotton Mill and Ginshop. During my connection with the Ginshop, I think there is no risk in my saying that I enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Pratt. In 1845 I paid a visit to Mr. Pratt and in the course of his conversation he said in regard to the founding of Prattville, that at the time his lease expired with Col. McNeil, he made the proposition to Mrs. P. that if she wished, they would move back east amongst their relatives and build up a home for life; or else, he would remain here and build a manufacturing village on the present site of Prattville. The decision was in favor of the latter enterprise and it has turned out to be a most fortunate decision both for the County and State as I expect to show before I finish this history. He told me his object was to give employment to as many operatives as his means would justify to furnish them with educational and religious advantages. How faithfully he has carried out his benevolent purpose, no man who knows the history of Prattville will for one moment question.

When I first came to this place there was a school house built by him located on the side of the hill southwest from where the Foundry now stands. This building was complete in all its arrangements the seats built on the Lancastrian plan, i.e. one above the other with desks complete, leaving a space in front for the teacher and recitations. The school house was situated in a cool sequestered place completely surrounded by a forest growth of young oaks and a cool spring running from the hill. The school was taught by Mr. T. B. Avery, an accomplished scholar and gentleman. I liked his method of teaching on the Induction plan—drawing out the mind and teaching it to be self reliant. It is far preferable to the Lecture plan which teaches the pupil to let others think for them. This house could not with all its fixtures cost less than one thousand dollars. Not only the children of the village, but those from all the surrounding country attended. C. Whitt Smith and Wm. Slaton were among his pupils, both of whom have followed teaching as an occupation and are not only men of solid worth as citizens, but men of science.

Mr. Pratt put up a temporary place for a church in the upper room of a two story store house. Up stairs for a church. This was fitted with seats.

Mr. Pratt soon found that the building in which he started his gin business was too small and commenced and built the magnificent building which now shows for itself. But before this building was put up—indeed before 1845, (quite likely 1840, it was running in 1841), he built a large flouring mill, grinding wheat brought from several surrounding counties. After a few years when a flouring mill was built more convenient to where the grain was raised, he discontinued his mill and sold out his elevators, etc. (He moved the mill to where it is now below the lower bridge). Maj. Wm. Montgomery became the owner of the water power at McNeil's Mill. While Mr. Pratt was fitting up the building for a machine shop and the workmen were engaged in digging out a cellar, they approached too near the brick foundation and it gave way. Just at that time Mr. Pratt and I were standing some fifteen or twenty feet from the building on the bluff of the creek, talking about building a brick dam where the old dam stood which was built in 1839. All at once the building began cracking and crashing; we found that our lives depended upon quick action. Mr. Pratt took his

chances for escape through the falling timbers. I took mine by plunging into the creek and swimming out. I stood and watched to see which way the building would fall if towards the creek. I was ready to plunge. It so turned out that all the workmen and Mr. Pratt passed out of the building unhurt. I mentioned this little incident to show how differently men will act when life is at stake; on comparing notes with Mr. Pratt we soon found out what influenced our action; I could swim and Mr. Pratt could not. This accident determined Mr. Pratt to remove the old wooden superstructure and put up a brick building which is now occupied by Mr. G. L. Smith as Sash and Blind factory. He afterwards commenced his new church and built it at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. The lower floor was fitted up for stores and offices and upper for church and sunday school rooms. He intended the rents of the lower floor to pay church expenses and repairs of the building. As long as he lived his purposes were carried out to a considerable extent, but in six or nine months after his death, property changed hands and only a few of those lower rooms are now used.

Having acted as Agent for the Prattville Manufacturies for fifteen years, no one has a better knowledge of the amount of good done to the operatives and their families, both in a pecuniary way and in the improvement of mind, manners, and morals. They are at this time a much higher grade of society than when they first came to the place. I am truly glad to know that the Trustees of our school are advancing the educational advantages so that this class of people may now have a still better chance for intellectual improvement. The citizens of Prattville can not do better for themselves than carry out the plans of Mr. Pratt as to their educational and religious interests—these two interests if properly attended to will assure respectability in this life and a blissful immortality in the next. Mr. Pratt was not only highly practiced in business affairs, but was also a true christian—these two qualities make him a safe guide to follow. There is one thing the young mechanics of Prattville should look to, i.e. a good substantial education in the English branches, if no farther. Education if properly used, is power; if improperly, a curse. Several young men of my acquaintance, who were raised in the different departments of the machine shop, could have held high positions as heads of business at a good salary but for their lack of education which compelled them to submit to lower wages as mere workmen. I

should like to give young men more good advice, but perhaps the reader might not think such in the line of this history.

There are some facts connected with my connection with Cotton mill which I should like to bring to the light of history. It is nothing more than is due to Mr. Pratt as a great and good man. I was called to the position of Agent in January 1865. I made a statement of the business as it then stood. There were about 700 bales of cotton on hand, but the whole machinery having worked steadily for four years, it was worn down and could not compete, either in quality or quantity of cloth, with mills that were in better condition. I so notified the managers and further said there were only two alternatives before them, either stop the mill, sell the cotton and divide out the proceeds; or fill the mill with new machinery. My opinion was that the latter would be the most profitable to the stock holders. So thought all parties; but there were two things that troubled Mr. Pratt; 1st. what would become of the operatives, 2nd one of his darling projects would have to be abandoned. Mr. Pratt was president of the Board and the other managers yielded to his wishes. New machines having been ordered, the mill continued to run and the old machinery worked up all the cotton and the goods were sold at reduced rates.

The machinery was ordered in the winter of 1865-66 and came that summer or early fall from Wm. Higzaur & Sons of England. The loom came from Jenks & Sons near Philadelphia.

The managers of the Autaugaville Factory, like those of the Prattville, met and concluded to ship their cotton although it was under Federal orders. It was traced up and the U. S. Government took possession of it; a long law suit ensued. The suit ended in favor of the Company, but the value of the cotton was all used in expenses, as cotton had fallen to comparatively low figures. The Autaugaville Factory never started and the building now stands a mass of ruins. The Prattville Factory continues running and has for several years been paying heavy dividends to its owners, the Messrs. Faber. There have been no strikes and no dissatisfaction with the hands that I have heard of. It did seem to me that in this instance Mr. Pratt's judgment was guided by a higher source than that of mere human judgment; I know, or have the best reason for believing that Mr. Pratt's private opinion was to stop the mill and sell the

cotton. But the operatives lay on his heart, "What would become of them", was the great question with him. On one occasion the picking room took fire. It had communicated with the card room and there seemed no possible chance to save it as nothing but buckets of water could be used, but the fire was subdued. Mr. Hale, who was superintendent, remarked that so long as Daniel Pratt had any stock in that factory it would never be destroyed by fire. Mr. Hale was not a christian but believed in the overruling of Providence in earthly matters.

I have always felt the deepest interest in that Factory, for I spent fifteen years in the prime of my life working to advance it and they were fifteen years of the hardest work I ever did. My health broke down and at the beginning of the war in 1861, I was not worth a dollar more than when I moved to Prattville in 1846; but I must not repine at God's dealing with me, nor do I. Reader please excuse the so frequent use of that offensive personal pronoun I; the history of the county is being written out by me and the use of that letter I could not well be avoided as I have formed a part of its history and no inconsiderable part in my business associations with different parties.

Fifteen years I was merchandising, farming, warehousing, etc.; and fifteen years Agent of the Cotton Mill.

In 1846 (when I moved here) there had been but few buildings put up. There was one where John Hearn lived, two between that and Joe Hurd's drug store—I do not know who occupied this house, but think it Amos Smith, the father of G. L. Smith, lived there—there was also a building where Mrs. Merrill lives, built by Joseph May, from whom Mr. Pratt bought 1000 acres of land and the water privilege, paying him \$20,000—one half in gins at factory prices. The land was valuable for nothing but its pine timber and was not intrinsically worth more than \$1.25/100 per acre. The location was but little else than a quagmire that cost Mr. Pratt thousands of dollars to drain, and fit for building. He did an immense amount of work on the place, it was very sickly while the ditching was being done. I settled where F. E. Smith now lives and my family were healthy—that has been one of the most healthy places in Prattville, water very cool, pure and abundant. A tinner by the name of George H. Tisdale built the house which is now the Methodist parsonage.

Eber Coe built the house where Mrs. W. H. Northington lives, Poe Robinson built the house on the opposite side of the street. Goe. W. Coe. built the house where Mrs. Fay lives and E. S. Morgan built all the houses on the west side of the street from the lower bridge to the house nearest the creek—this a Mr. John Buil, a Methodist local preacher from North Carolina, built. In finishing up the history of Prattville, there are several names to be mentioned—some of the persons still living here. Col. L. G. Spigner came here very soon after its first settlement, perhaps in 1840. He was engaged in the business of wagon making and repairing and had a blacksmith's shop in connection with it. He married a daughter of James Ramsey who lived at the Pollard place, between McNeil's Mill and Washington. There were four children raised to maturity from this marriage, two sons and two daughters. This was a Methodist family after the Colonel's marriage, his wife was a pious woman from her early life and ever remained true to her religion and raised her children up in that way. E. S. Morgan, an eastern man, who worked in the Gin shop for many years and then in the sash and blind shop, made quite a competency and married a Miss Sarah C. Carmichael of Prattville. There was quite a large family from this marriage, all of whom still live in Prattville. Mr. Morgan died several years since. Mr. F. E. Smith has worked in the Gin shop ever since Prattville was founded and has made quite a handsome little fortune. He married a Miss Amanda Riggs who was raised by Mrs. Brock. They have quite a family, all well educated and doing well. This is a Methodist family. G. L. Smith, a son of Amos Smith who was foreman of the Ginshop, married first Mary Ownsby, a niece of Mrs. Esther Pratt. By this marriage there were only two children, a son and a daughter, who are still living here. His second wife was Miss Abbie Holt, a niece of Mr. Pratt, and by this marriage there were two sons. There were two other Smiths, brothers of F. E. Smith and cousins of G. L. Smith. Frank Smith married Miss Asenath Holt, a sister of G. L. Smith's wife. Frank was a Baptist and died at an early age, leaving a widow with one daughter and three sons. John Smith, a brother of Frank and Fred, did not remain here long, but was cast in the same mold as his brothers, he was a Baptist. This family of Smiths was from the New England States and were remarkable for their steady, quiet, and orderly lives. Honest, industrious, punctual and economical, they were all successful in business. They were

law-abiding and faithful to all their church duties. Their success lay principally in their prudent, economical way of spending their money. They were not extravagant givers, but gave according to their means, which is the only true economy. They were model men and have model families. If the world was fitted up with just such people, we should have a comparatively happy world.

LaFayette Ellis, a southern boy raised in the Ginshop, made money and has raised and educated a respectable family besides taking care of an aged father and mother. Many other families have done well and are highly respected and many more would have done well had they abstained from liquor and other vices which ruined them early in life.

No one is better calculated than the writer to judge of the agreeable change which has come to that portion of the population of Prattville which worked in the Cotton Mill. When it first started, they were of the very poorest class with very few exceptions and withal ignorant people from obscure parts of the county—many of them having never enjoyed any religious privileges. They were wild, and many of the fathers were drunken, and abandoned men whose children had never been trained to work of any kind. There were a few families who had seen better days, but the heads of the families had become dissipated and as a last resort to keep starvation from their doors, had come here to make their families work in the factory—such would have done well, but for the fact that the father still kept up his old habits. The children seemed to have an aversion to Sunday School, although special pains were taken by many ladies of the different churches to visit the families and furnish them. In this way many of the girls, and some few of the boys of the better class were induced to enter the school. The boys who did not enter the Sunday School were roaming about over the country robbing orchards and melon patches, and they would do this at night as well as on Sundays. How changed their morals are now, though many are far from being good as they might be, yet much better than then. One generation has passed away and if the improvement is as marked as in the past, we shall have quite an intelligent and respectable population. Now let me ask what causes have brought about this change; 1st. the training of these people to regular habits of work under proper restrictions. 2nd. bringing them in con-

tact with a higher grade of civilization which has taught them some self respect. 3rd. the Sunday School and the church together with pastoral visits and the visits of pious ladies teaching not only religious precepts, but also how to manage their domestic affairs more presently. Strange to say, yet true, this class of people are the most wasteful where they can get the provisions to waste. Let me repeat it—there were some noble exceptions, but these exceptions were mostly widows who had seen better days and society, but had been reduced to poverty. I have one such now in my mind, who is still living and must be over fourscore. She had two sons, one a cripple, and two or three daughters that worked in the factory. Her youngest son fell in the army. With these children and her own industry, she made not only enough to support their family decently, but bought her a comfortable house and lot. Her girls all married respectably and have raised their families so. This woman was a Presbyterian and her church stood up to her nobly. I can not forbear here to remark that of all people in the world, the religion of Christ does most for the poor, for such Christ came and they always claimed the preference, to the poor the gospel is preached. The rich of this world have their portion in this life—I do not mean to say that religion is not intended for the rich; personally, they need it as much as the poor, for Christ died for all. The rich can do far more in alleviating the sorrows and afflictions of the poor, if they will only give of their abundance.

I have already alluded to the exertions of the Trustees towards getting up a first class school—these men are all intelligent christian gentlemen and I sincerely hope they will continue to exert themselves in behalf of the youth of Prattville and surrounding country.

Having already devoted a large space to this history, I cannot refrain from relating an interview I had with Daniel Pratt, the Illustrious founder of our town, about twelve months before his death. He was talking on the subject of his investment near Birmingham in the mining business. Said he, "I well know I cannot expect to live to see the mines in operation, yet I want to start that business as the last act of my life for the good of my adopted state." Mr. Pratt had no experience in the mining business, neither had his son-in-law, H. F. Debardeleben, who was quite a young man then. Mr. Pratt, however,

had great confidence in Henry's ability to carry this project through after his death. How well he has done this, his works thus far show. Mr. P. lived just long enough to see his experiment turn out its first pig iron at Oxmore, Jefferson County. Mr. Pratt was not an avaricious man, grasping money to hoard up—he knew no other use for money than to make it subserve a valuable purpose, to give employment to the laboring poor. This I think was his purpose from first to last and his great success in business is, no doubt, due to the purity of his motives in keeping everything and everybody astir. That he possessed a good judgment, indomitable perseverance, and good management, no one can doubt. He was firm and decided and had nerve to risk capital when his judgment dictated. Although firm and decided himself, he was not dictatorial, especially in other men's matters. In politics, he was a decided Whig and continued so, as long as the party hung together, after that he was as decided a Democrat and perhaps contributed more money to advance the Southern Cause during the war than any other man in Alabama. In his religious views he was a Methodist both in heart and practice—he was not merely a nominal member of the church, but one who enjoyed his religion.

Finis.

LOCAL HISTORY OF AUTAUGAVILLE

Written By

MRS. F. J. McNEEL

1916

We are asked to give—some early local history as to Autaugaville; its buildings, churches, school houses, public-halls, etc. Also to give something like a reminiscence of men and women reared in this community. Without much difficulty we could go back to the days when the red man was reveling in the enjoyment of the luxuries that nature so abundantly furnished them, in Autauga, "Land of Plenty". and on down the pages of history as to its first settlers, the changes that time wrought through the Indian Wars, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and yet when we come to the "Civil War" and the few preceeding years, the link that history or Local history should give us, is practically unwritten save a mention of a few of her brave heroes the confederate soldiers. The first house built here was during the forties a residence owned by a Mrs. Camel who married Rev. Dave Smedley; this building stood in what was known as Smedley Grove, at present a field above factory town just beyond the old brick building. Vernon as a little town on the Alabama River, built there at first for convenience of traffic, was practically the foundation of Autaugaville as later about 1847 many of the buildings were moved here, and most of its inhabitants came here as the center of trade. A few years later a number of planters and citizens formed a company and was incorporated as the "Planters Cotton Factory"—parts of these walls are still standing as a monument of our ancestors effort, and with a feeling of reverence we should teach the young generation to emulate that effort. This factory was built on our splendid stream Swift-Creek for at that time water power was the one thing needful. This company was composed of such men as the Housers, Stoudenmires, Whetstones, Nunns, Smith, Stone, Fryes, and others—The first president being Rev. Louie Houser—1st Sec. Mr. Tom Motley. Our own cotton was there woven into osnaburg and sheeting which was especially used in making clothing for the slaves. The war sounded the death knell of this factory. After the War Mr. Ted Nunn purchased a church building which was formerly known as the old Asbury Church or Methodist Episcopal church situ-

ated where the present street runs in front of Mr. Boyd's home; upon this as a foundation he erected a 3 story building and opened up the second Cloth, thread and rope factory of this town. Mr. Ted Nunn stands as a unique character though in many things ahead of the times, he was thought a fanatic politically at one time; though his views on the currency then are now what Mr. Bryant has advocated. His idea of cement walls was ridiculed, although today many of our fine structures are built along his idea. The little cement wall still left standing upon Mr. Boyd's premises is a souvenir of factory No. two. Mr. Nunn also operated a buggy and wagon factory in a large two story brick building which stood adjacent to the present old livery stable. In connection with this he operated a hardwood saw mill for the purpose of furnishing his own material for the manufacture of his buggies and wagons. This mill stood where the present Bottling works are located. During the 50's Col. Albert J. Pickett erected the brick building known as Picketts mill in the southern part of town on Swift Creek, again the water power played an important part, in the manufacturing of flour and meal from the wheat and corn raised in "Our Land of Plenty". The lumber mill of Mr. Zimmerman operated about 1897 again shows the resources of Autaugaville community as to natural products, our splendid timber, this was built upon the banks of Swift Creek just above the old factory and square timber was rafted down the creek to the Alabama river thence to Mobile for export. In comparison we mention the modern White Water Lumber Plant operated entirely by steam.

Other enterprises in the early history of our town were the brick yards one operated by Messrs. W. D. Smith and Sam Faulkner and Shelly another by Mr. Fred Nunn, here were made the brick used in all the first buildings of Autaugaville. The immense Planters Warehouse which stood in front of the present old livery stable was another symbol of enterprise. Along the line of early enterprises was found the carriage and buggy shop of Mr. Jack Davis. We are told that he received a silver pitcher as a prize for the best buggy on exhibition in Montgomery, good for Autaugaville! this shop stood where the present bank is located. We will here state that John W. Pon who lived in a residence in the rear of the Central house—drew the first Plot, with streets and lots, of Autaugaville.

On the present site of Dr. Hermann's Drug Store was originally a big livery Stable owned by Mr. Ben Edwards afterwards operated by Wigglesworth and Nunn who later became proprietors of the present crumbling brick stable. As to Public Halls the Masonic Hall over Faulkner and Jordans is historic by the fact that this same building has been used by the Masons since the removal of the order from Vernon until today. Closely associated with this Masonic Lodge were many of our leading citizens, Mr. Albert W. McNeel was for thirty-five years its secretary, 33 years without missing a single meeting. There are some present who remember the Andromedia Hall, where local dramatic talent was developed. Now used as the K. P. Hall. Soldiers. The Temperance Hall the upper story of a wooden structure situated on the opposite side of the street from Dr. Hermanns store, since burned, was the hall used by the "Independent Order of Good Templars" which held its weekly meetings for many years with Mr. A. W. McNeel as "Worthy Master"—the influence of this Temperance organization in this town for good was almost equal to the churches. This small hall, prior to this, during the reconstruction days was used by the "Know Nothing Society" which name indicates all we know about it.

The first school in this town was taught by a Mr. Clark a Virginian in a building under the hill where the negro Methodist church was.

The second school was taught in a building located where Dr. Pearsons office stands; taught by a Mrs. Mangan. As Autaugaville became fully established and its people abounding in wealth progress pointed to a better school building. Again you see our best men responding and leading the way to its fulfillment. Col. A. J. Pickett gave the four acres upon which this building is standing to-night deeding it to the town as long as it should be used for educational purposes. The subscription list was headed with such names as Rev. Louie Houser, Col. J. B. Wilkinson, W. N. Thompson, the Stoudenmires, Golsans—Fryes, and many others, which made possible the splendid two story brick building Autaugaville Academy with class rooms, a large auditorium, laboratory, music rooms etc., all well equipped with the then up-to-date furniture here again the war struck this splendid building its death knell. For several years after it crumbled to ruins school was taught wherever they could find an old vacant house in town. About thirty years ago this

one room was built and recently the other rooms added. Back to part of our subject those reared in this community at the beginning of the war the number of pupils in this Academy were 2—300. We feel that it is due to the students of this former school who enlisted in the Civil War to give them personal mention, they are as follows: (see paper). Their ages varied from 16 to twenty however but of the 26 students that enlisted in the "Autauga Rifles" only three were twenty, the average age being 17. Out of these 26 brave young students, 14 of them were killed seven more wounded, leaving only five uninjured and most of these were prisoners under negro rule and we remember hearing one of these C. R. DeJarnette say that their life in prison at "Ship island" was more terrible than a thousand bullets. Thus passed away these young men from the student body of our Academy. Apart from the students who enlisted in the war we will mention only one, as he left a land mark by which to be remembered—Miller Scott an Irishman, when he left he had a little tailor shop in the Masonic building with his sign hanging out, when he left he said "Boys if I never return (and he did not), leave the old sign hanging", and today you can see the irons that held that sign, and 'tis indeed a pathetic reminder of the past.

AUTAUGA RIFLES

(Students who enlisted)

C. R. DeJarnette	Benjamin Newman
B. F. Avery X	James D. Nunn X
R. E. Druden (?) X	Thos. W. Hall W
Eustace T. Golsan W	William I. Ross X
Lewis T. Golsan X	Jacob W. Shelly X
James T. Hermann W	Newel M. Stoudenmire
Henry L. Houser W	Lewis T. Taylor X
John P. Houser	Benjamin C. Taylor X
Lewis P. Houser X	Lewis M. Whetstone X
Dixon L. Hoffman W	John A. Whetstone X
James L. Jackson W	William D. Whetstone
William B. Jackson W	James H. Wiley X
Wm. C. Kirkland	James L. Wilkinson X

We will next notice the Stores and Merchants during the 50's—60's. Wilkinson and Howard handled general Merchandise in the brick store recently occupied by Smith & Dantzler. Faulkner and Price groceries in the present Dantzler store. The vacant lot adjoining upon which stood a two story brick building was occupied by Nunn and Thompson wholesale groceries. Golsan and Carew had general merchandise in the building of Jones Bros. In the masonic building was a Drug Store of a very skillful physician Dr. Vincent. On the lots adjoining the Masonic building stood a candy shop by a french woman, name forgotten (Rossen), but the famous butter-scotch candy she made is still remembered. Next stood a Taylor shop by a Mr. Bryant, think of having gentleman's suits made in Autaugaville. Next a harness and saddle shop kept by a Mr. Warren. The present drug store of Dr. Tankersley was then a drug store operated by Dr. Tom Davis, a well known physician and William Hicks. On down the street was a brick store with general merchandise owned by Barwood a german, who joined the Confederate forces. Later this building was bought by McNeel Bros. and burned in 1888. The building adjoining as occupied by Bill Green who manufactured candy, he also had a bakery which furnished bread for the town. The next building known as the Good Templars had a store beneath the hall kept by Mr. Dick De-Bardeleben. The adjoining was a two story wooden structure was used for a negro school taught by the scally-wags and carpet baggers, white teachers during the reconstruction days. Further on down the same side of the street were small stores save one house a parsonage occupied by our lamented, well known and eloquent Methodist minister A. J. Briggs and family. As to residences we shall only mention those burned or destroyed. On the site of the present Smith barn was the home of J. H. Golsan just across the street was the home of E. G. Carew both elegant buildings. On Dr. Tankersley's present lot was another fine residence built and owned by Mr. Hinton—later sold to Mr. McBride who gave it to his sister Mrs. William DeJarnette. Mr. Terry DeJarnette also lived in an elegant 12 acre residence where Mr. Walter Dantzler now resides. Mr. James Wigglesworth home was remodeled into the present negro Baptist church. Other residences on Washington and Pickett streets that have been burned or torn down were occupied by Mrs. Bryant, Thomas Hall, D. M. Hall, James McKenzie, Mrs. Sarah Stoudenmire, Misses Fannie and Rena Davis, Mrs. Wolfe, Mr. Robert Simpson.

A large two story hotel on the corner where the present Ray (?) shop is, was erected, and kept by Mr. Lewis Houser later by Mrs. Warren; still later Mr. Dick DeBardleben, burned while in his possession, 'tis interesting to note that this hotel was a stopping point of the old stage coach, where the passengers could dine, and where they obtained from the adjacent livery stable a relay of horses to continue the journey.

Churches—The Primitive Baptist church known as the Hard Shell stood just back of the present Central House—the only preacher we have any knowledge of in connection with this church was the Rev. McGwiney. The Methodist Protestant church stood originally in what was known as Smeadley's Grove, the then beautiful grove or park was named in honor of the old pioneer preacher Rev. David Smeadley who was pastor of this old church. Later this same building was rolled up on present church Street and placed where it now stands and known as the Methodist Church. The Episcopal Methodist church stood in front of where Mr. Boyd's residence is now situated. When the Conference decreed the union of the two churches this building was sold and all removed their membership to the present church building now known as the Methodist Episcopal Church. With such leaders of unquestionable piety and sterling character as Messrs. Sam Stoudenmire, Jake Golsan, J. B. Wilkinson, Howards, W. N. Thompsin, and others, they founded indeed a church which stands as a fitting mounment to them today.

The Baptist Church was built by the generous contributions of Messrs. Joe Hill, Mrs. Judge Thompson, Jerry Jackson, James Nunn and Mrs. Asa Hicks. The lot was donated by Col. A. J. Pickett the first building was moved here from Just at the beginning of the War Mr. James Nunn bought a carpet and gave to this church, by consent of all the members 'twas taken up and given to help equip the poor needy soldiers, what a beautiful spirit of self sacrifice was manifested, so as we walk on that bare floor today let us remember with reverence this noble band. The Episcopal church which stood just across the street from the present residence of Mr. Jordan was a beautiful structure with gothic windows and a lovely interior finished with polished wood. This lot was also donated by Col. A. J. Pickett, with this church in remembrance are associated the names of Whetstone, Cory, Picketts, DeJarnettes, and others.

VERNON.—Dr. John Moody was the first preacher, he married Emelyne Hicks, daughter of Mrs. Asa Hicks. The first Parsonage in this town was a two room house built by Col. Faulkner, this parsonage was located on what is now known as Mrs. King's lot, recently Mrs. Morgan Smith of Birmingham president of the D. A. R. has made inquiries about Autaugaville as her father Rev. Duncan lived in this parsonage while pastor of the Methodist church. The present parsonage was built and owned by Mr. Sam Faulkner, from whom the church purchased it. These reminiscences of Autaugaville's local history have been handed as unwritten history. If any statements made are not correct we shall be glad to rectify them. If they will only serve to cause the present generation to revere and emulate their ancestors, in every effort to-wards the upbuilding of our little town, we feel that they have not been written in vain.

Merchants at old Vernon Landing, Alabama River.
Southerland & McNeel (Jno H. Southerland & Albert McNeel)
Nunn & Thompson (Theodore Nunn & W. N. Thompson)

Vernon Landing was a very important point as goods were delivered there from all the markets for the whole surrounding county—one or more steamboats were daily loading and unloading goods and farm products. Cotton was the principal crop to be shipped and was sold to Mobile and New Orleans.

Old Merchants of Autaugaville.

Wilkinson & Howard
Thos J. Motley & Co.
Wm K. Green
Carew & Golsan
Nunn & Thompson
Hicks & Davis

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT AUTAUGAVILLE

The tide of immigration of 1818 to 1821 brought to this section christians of all persuasions—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterians and others—the Methodist being the greatest in number. Indian camp fires had laid waste the country, but fire can not burn the ardor of people. With saddle bag in hand, as early as 1818, Rev. Alexander Talley, grandfather of Rev. Charles Talley, of the Alabama Conference, was sent here as a Missionary by the Georgia Conference. He made Autauga County his headquarters. It was then that a Church at Autaugaville really began, and dates back thirty years before a circuit was made.

It had a strong beginning in the hearts of strong men and it was through these supporters that the church really took a form.

In the years 1822 and 1823 there was organized on Davis Hill, now Whetstone Hill, the Methodist Episcopal Church, then named the Asbury Church, after Bishop Asbury. Interesting to note some of its' first members were. Wm. R. McPherson, the Mims brothers, George Stoudemire and his sons, Mark Howard, Rudolph Murphy, Henry Whetstone, Lewis Houser, Benjamine Taylor and others, all equally decided in religious convictions and practice. At this time the pastor in charge was our Rev. Rennan, and the presiding elder, Rev. P. E. McIntire. Assisting preachers, Gregory and Snead.

The first church was a large log house. In time when it began to decay, after much discussion as to building and locality, a large comfortable frame structure was erected. Col. Wm. R. Pickett gave the lot on which this building was placed and also gave some of the material with which to build. This lot was located near Swift Creek and the cottage owned by the late Wm. R. Boyd now stands on this spot. The old Asbury prospered and became one of the strongholds for right in Central Alabama. Its' central position, the intelligence of its' membership and their devotion to the interests of religion united in giving a healthy tone to the morals of the surrounding country. In the fall of 1825, a large fine looking traveler visited these parts and came first to old Vernon, stopping at the tavern built by Seaborn

Mims. This stranger was a bishop of the Methodist Church,—Robert R. Roberts. He came as did Paul, the apostle, to overlook and encourage the faithful few, and he was jubilant to find many deepdyed and staunch in christianity.

At this period the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestants were one, but about the year 1829 there was a separation of the Methodist Protestants from the old Asbury Church and after Autaugaville began its active growth, the M. P. moved from Dutch Bend, and built a new church in Smedley Grove, so named from its' donor, the Rev. D. L. Smedley. This grove is known to the younger generation as old factory town. Later, in 1867, by special act of the general conference, which met in New Orleans, there was a re-union of the two branches of the Methodist Church. There being strength in union, the old building was rolled to its' present location, was put in good shape, and now rests to represent Methodism in Autaugaville community. The old Asbury Church was sold to Theodore Nunn, who converted it into a cloth factory.

One could not write a history of the church here without mentioning that in 1825 its Sunday School was organized on Doris Hill, and after a challenge was sent out through the press. No one disputed the claim that this is now the oldest evergreen Sunday School in America. Col. Wm. R. McPherson was instrumental in its organization and Mr. Shadrack Mims, as a master instructor, became one of its' first teachers. Proof of the above facts was filed with the State Department of Archives and History, by the late Joseph A. Wilkinson. Same manuscript giving names of S. S. Superintendents, pastors in charge and presiding elders, from 1822 up to date. On September 20, 1925, a great Centennial occasion was celebrated at the M. E. Church here. The crowd attending numbering between 800 and 1,000 people. They were given a bounteous barbecue dinner on the school grounds. It is both touching and interesting to note that at this gathering the question was asked, "Where shall the next Centennial be held," and with hesitancy, the answer came, "At Gods' right hand."

Very strong and decided characters held the early Methodist Church together. Col. Wm. R. McPherson, who moved to Talladega County; Mr. Shadrack Mims, who moved to Prattville; Col. Samuel Ttoudemire, Maj. J. H. Golson, Hon. Thos. J. Motley,

Col. J. B. Wilkinson and such characters as these with others created a wonderful heritage for those who came after.

Many other interesting and historical facts evolve around the church at Autaugaville, and while this church has lived for fore than a century of great achievement, it faces the future with still greater opportunities than ever before. Lets' carry on with a higher aim for service and activity!

In conclusion let it be said that the facts contained in this article can be verified by material contained in a scrap bood and accumulated and compiled by the late J. A. Wilkinson. Same now in possession of his wife.

Found in the Manuscript Room of the Dept. of Archives and History of Alabama. By Maud W. Smith.

HISTORY OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH IN AUTAUGAVILLE, ALABAMA

Organized on Davis Hill one mile west of Autaugaville, 1822.

Date	Presiding Elders	Preacher in Charge	Assistant Preacher in Charge	S. S. Superintendent
1822	P. E. McIntire		Grant and Snow	No School
1823	P. E. McIntire			
1824	P. E. McIntire	Patton	Pipkin	
1825	R. S. Kinnon	Henderson	Nicholson	McPherson
1826	R. S. Kinnon	Clinton	Hawkins	McPherson
1827	R. S. Kinnon	McPhail	Hughes	McPherson
1828	E. Hearn	Mallard	Graves	McPherson
1829	E. Hearn	McDowell	Hopkins	McPherson
1830	E. Hearn	Hughes	Barlow	McPherson
1831	J. H. Mallard	Cox	Jones	McPherson
1832	J. H. Mallard	Brown	Storns	Shadrack Mims
1833		Sale	Moore	
1834		Garrett	Sears	
1835	Garrett	Moore	McDaniel	
1836	Garrett	Mathews	Langley	
1837	Garrett	Langley		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1838	McLeod	Arnold	McDonald	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1839	McLeod	Brown	Schooler	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1840	McLeod	Brown		Col. Saul Stoudemire

Date	Presiding Elders	Preacher in Charge	Assistant Preacher in Charge	S. S. Superintendent
1841	McLeod	Moody		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1842	Stout	Talley		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1843	Stout	Sacnett		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1844	Stout	Young		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1845	Garrett	Roper		
1846	Hearn	Roper		
1847	Hearn	McCrarey		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1848	Hearn	McCrarey		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1849	Hearn	Garrett		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1850	Furgerson	G. L. Patton		Col. Saul Stoudemire
1851	Furgerson	J. W. Ellis	J. W. Shores	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1852	Furgerson	L. M. Wilson	Jesse Ellis	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1853	Furgerson	Jno. T. Roper	W. M. Tturdavant	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1854	Stout	A. B. Morris	Benj. S. Williams	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1855	Stout	Daniel Duncan	J. M. Hightower	Col. Saul Stoudemire
1856	Stout	Daniel Duncan	W. A. Montgomery	
1857	Starr	W. B. Neal	E. B. McClellan	
1858	Starr	W. B. Neal	U. B. Phillips	
1859	Starr	T. F. Greene	Asbury Church made into a station.	
1860	Starr	J. W. Shores		
1861	W. M.	W. H. Armstrong		
1862	W. M.	W. H. Armstrong		
1863	A. H. Mitchell	A. J. Briggs		

Date	Presiding Elders	Preacher in Charge	Assistant Preacher in Charge	S. S. Superintendent
1864	A. H. Mitchell	A. J. Briggs		Jacob Golson
1865	D. M. Hudson	E. B. Norton		
1866	D. M. Hudson	E. B. Norton		
1867	D. M. Hudson	H. Brown		
1868	D. M. Hudson	S. A. Pilly		Jacob Golson
1869	W. S. Turner	W. A. Edwards		J. M. Thompson
1870	W. S. Turner	W. A. Edwards		J. M. Thompson
1871	A. H. Mitchell	W. A. Edwards		T. J. Motley, 1 yr.
1872	A. H. Mitchell	W. A. Edwards		J. B. Wilkinson
1873	A. H. Mitchell	W. A. Montgomery		J. B. Wilkinson
1874	A. H. Mitchell	W. A. Montgomery		J. B. Wilkinson
1875	J. W. Shores	A. C. Hundley		J. B. Wilkinson
1876	A. J. Briggs	A. C. Hundley		J. B. Wilkinson
1877	A. J. Briggs	A. C. Hundley		J. B. Wilkinson
1878	T. F. Mangum	N. Gillis		J. B. Wilkinson
1879	Dr. A. H. Mitchell	N. Gillis		J. B. Wilkinson
1880	Dr. A. H. Mitchell	J. W. Shores		
1881	Dr. A. H. Mitchell	J. W. Shores		
1882	Dr. O. R. Blue	L. C. Calhoun		J. B. Wilkinson
1883	Dr. O. R. Blue	L. C. Calhoun		J. B. Wilkinson
1884	Dr. O. R. Blue	L. C. Calhoun		J. B. Wilkinson
1885	Dr. O. R. Blue	L. C. Calhoun		J. B. Wilkinson
1886	Dr. J. M. Mason	C. D. Jordan		J. B. Wilkinson

Date	Presiding Elders	Preacher in Charge	Assistant Preacher in Charge	S. S. Superintendent
1887	Dr. Blue	C. D. Jordan		
1888	Dr. Blue	C. D. Jordan		R. B. Jones
1889	Dr. Urquhart	W. Bancroft		R. B. Jones
1890	Dr. Urquhart	W. Bancroft		R. B. Jones
1891	Dr. Urquhart	F. P. Culver		R. B. Jones
1892	J. M. Mason	J. E. McCann		M. M. Smith
1893	Dr. Andrews	J. H. Moore		M. M. Smith
1894	Dr. Urquhart	J. H. Moore		M. M. Smith
1895	Dr. Urquhart	J. H. Moore		M. M. Smith
1896	Dr. Urquhart	J. H. Moore		M. M. Smith
1897	Dr. Urquhart	Jones		M. M. Smith
1898	Dr. Uhquhart	Jones		J. A. Wilkinson
1899	A. J. Cousins	G. K. Williams		J. A. Wilkinson
1900	A. J. Cousins	G. K. Williams		J. A. Wilkinson
1901	A. J. Cousins	G. K. Williams		M. M. Smith
1902	Abernethy	G. K. Williams		M. M. Smith
1903	Abernethy	G. K. Williams		M. M. Smith
1904	Abernethy	B. E. Feagin		M. M. Smith
1905	Abernethy	B. E. Feagin		M. M. Smith
1906	C. A. Rush	W. J. Simmons	R. J. Supply	R. B. Jones

AUTAUGAVILLE CEMETERY

Autauga County, Alabama

CAREW

1 Lot with

5 graves

High Brick Wall.

J. Hodges Golson

Died September 29, 1868

in Shelbyville, Tenn.

Wounds received while
defending his Native
South

A Christian Scholar

and patriot

age 24 years.

C S A

Edwards

Sacred to the Memory
of

Jesse P. Edwards

who was born

Sept. 18, 1824

and died

July 24, 1856

Aged 31 years 10 mos.

and 9 days.

Amelia H.

wife of

H. L. Golson

born

July 28, 1839

died

Jan. 24, 1884

There is rest in Heaven

Sacred

to the memory of

Caspar Golson

Born July 10, 1797

Died Oct. 30, 1857

Sacred to

Memory

of

Catharine Golson

wife of

Dr. Jno. W. Golson

Died Mar. 4, 1840

Aged 17 yrs. 1 mo.

5 days.

In Memory of
Eutie E.
wife of
John B. Golson
died
Aug. 8, 1885
Aged 21 years 7 months.

Thy glorious mission on earth fulfilled
Thy duty nobly done
A beautiful crown in
Heaven is there
Which thou has justly won.

J. H. Golson
born in S. C.
Died Nov. 18th, 1870
at the age of 55 yrs.
at Autaugaville
An honest and true man;
The noblest work of God,
A ready friend to the needy
Dearest Husband
Father and Christian.
And the greatest of all
these is charity.

John N. Golson
born Dec. 11, 1822
died May 30, 1895

Sacred to
Memory of
Lewis Golson
who departed this life
Sept. 24, 1856
in
the 72nd year of his age.
For fifty years he was
an exemplary member of
the M. E. Church.
Mark the perfect man and
behold the upright for
the end of that man is
peace.

M. W. Hitchcock
Montgomery

Mrs. Martha Golson
born in S. C.
June 30, 1792
Departed this life
Oct. 2, 1851.

Mary B. Golson
Died Oct. 28, 1866
in the 46 year of her age
A Christian wife and Mother
Patient suffer and angel
of God.

In Memory of
Arthur Lucas
born
Nov. 9, 1804
died
Nov. 2, 1882
Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord.

Mary E. R.
wife of
Arthur Lucas
born
Jan. 16, 1819
died
May 23, 1901

Clarence McKay
Born 1872
Died 1873

Mother — Father
Elizabeth Y. McKay
Born 1847
Died May 26, 1879
William A. McKay
Born Oct. 14, 1844
Died Oct. 16, 1881
McKAY

Nancy McKay
born 1876
died 1877

In Memory of
Mrs. Jane N. Norton
Who was born July 5, 1829
and died September 21, 1866
In life she was modest and
noble and pious. In death
calm, peaceful and triumphant.

Sacred
to the Memory of
Elizabeth R. Scott
cousin of H. C. Scott
who was born
July 17, 1828
and departed this life
July 18, 1849
and by her lays
her daughter
Eliza
who departed this life
July 27, 1849

Sacred
To the Memory of
Sarah Ann Terry
Who died Nov. 2, 1855
Aged 45 years.

Amiable, intelligent and
true but modest and re-
tiring. She was an orna-
ment to the family circle.
We weep at her grave and
await a happier union of
the Ressurrection of the
Just. Blessed are those
who knew her best loved
her most.

Virginia C. Thompson
wife of
J. M. Thompson
and daughter of
J. W. & R. A. Pou
Born June 23, 1839
Died Sept. 20, 1868

Infant Daughter
of
J. M. & V. C.
Thompson
Born Nov. 21, 1866
Died Dec. 8, 1866

DeJARNETTE FAMILY CEMETERY

Autaugaville, Alabama

Sacred
to the memory of
William O.
Son of
J. T. & E. A. DeJarnette
Who was born Oct. 26, 1836
and died
Sangsters Cross Roads
Fairfax Co., Va.
in the service of the
C. S. A.
June 30, 1861

John P.
Son of
J. T. & E. A. DeJarnette
Died June 27, 1837
Aged 8 months

James K. Haynie
Born
June 23, 1847
Aug. 1, 1886
Aged 39 years.

AUTAUGAVILLE COUNTY CEMETERY

By Methodist Church, Autaugaville, Alabama

Sacred to the
Memory of
DuBose son of
D. D. & Myritine McNeill
died
Nov. 19, 1884
Age 27 years 5 months and
10 days.

Sacred to the Memory
of Dr. Duncan McNeill
born in Fayetteville, N. C.
died in Autaugaville
Ala., Sept. 25, 1883
Age 60 yrs.

An honest man is the
noblest work of God.

Sacred to the memory
of Mary Myrtilene
wife of
Dr. D. McNeill
April 15, 1863
Age 25 years.

Sacred to Memory
of Myrtiline Moselle
daughter of
Dr. D. & Myrtiline McNeill
Oct. 28, 1864
Age 2 years 5 months and
25 days.

AUTAUGAVILLE, ALABAMA
AUTAUGA CO., ACROSS SWIFT CREEK
(In town)

Cecil C. DeBardeleben

Jan. 10, 1876

Oct. 10, 1918

Jega

Daughter of T. J. & H. B.

Motley

B. Oct. 8, 1824

Married R. P. DeBardelaben

Nov. 14, 1874

D. — 1892

Jos. Warren

Son R. B. & Blanche

DeBardelaban

B. Mar. 19, 1901

D. May 27, 1902

Argyra, wife of
P. S. Golson and
daughter of M. H. &
J. W.-L. Northington
who was born in
Macklenberg County, Va.

March 25, 1838

and ended this life

July 3, 1861

Sacred to the
memory of
J. W. Golson
who was born
Aug. 14, 1821
and died
June 25, 1859

In memory of
Lou M.
Daughter of
J. and E. J. Davis
and wife of
D. McKay
B. Sept. 27, 1836
D. Aug. 30, 1883

Harriet A. Daughter of
J. A. & Sarah Jackson
Born May 29, 1835
Married Jos. A. Motley
Born Mar. 24, 1851
Died Feb. 4, 1905

T. C. Motley
Born Jan. 19, 1829
Died Jan. 23, 1894

IVY CREEK CHURCH CEMETERY

Mulberry, Autauga County, Alabama

William James Bryant

Born

Sept. 20 A. D. 1866

Died

Jan. 14, A. D. 1895

Sacred to the memory of

Nelson Clark

who departed this life

January 18, 1857

Aged 52 years and 7 days

Daniel C. Carey

Son of

D. F. & Jessie

Golson

March 14, 1892

June 30, 1914

Mrs. W. K. Helms

Died July 2, 1926

Aged 63 years.

Breslin of Selma,

Undertaker.

Sacred to the memory
of Charlotte Hightower

Born Dec. 31, 1828

Died June 10, 1840

Sacred to the memory

Duroma Hightower

Born Dec. 1, 1826

Died Sept. 12, 1832

Julia Hightower

Born Jan. 13, 1825

Died Oct. 6, 1896

Sacred

to the memory of
William Hightower

who was born
about the year 1779

and died

Jan. 8, 1837

Aged about 58 years.

Mrs. W. H. Holmes

Died July 2, 1926

Aged 63 years.

Miss Marguerite Houston

Died Dec. 12, 1924

Aged 31 years

Funeral conducted by Brislin

Bros., Selma, Alabama

Miss Kate Houston

(Funeral conducted by
Furniture & Undertaking Co.,
Selma, Ala.)

Catherine Rebecca Sorsby

Wife of

Chas. M. Howard

Aug. 12, 1836

Oct. 3, 1895

Charles Malone Howard

B. Aug. 1, 1824

D. Aug. 18, 1887

Clifton Lamar

Son of

T. C. & H. S. Howard

Born

Oct. 22, 1884

Died

James Howard
Born Oct. 28, 1840
Died June 16, 1922

Mary Amanda
Wife of
J. H. Howard
Born April 10, 1844
Died Nov. 10, 1910

Our Father
Leonidas Howard
Born Sept. 13, 1816
Died Jan. 6, 1903

In loving
remembrance of
Virginia Dowling
daughter of
Ardie B. & Maude A.
Jones
Born April 6, 1890
Died April 23, 1898

In loving
remembrance of
Maude A.
Beloved wife of
A. B. Jones
Born March 10, 1866
Died Dec. 27, 1900

Thomas B. Love

Born

Sept. 20, 1845

Died

Mar. 19, 1910

Sallie Holmes

Dau. of

T. B. & J. C. Love

Born Sept. 6, 1888

Died Oct. 1, 1891

John Motley

Died 1924

(Johnston, Undertaker)

Wiley Ross

Our Beloved

Uncle

B. July 19, 1812

D. Dec. 20, 1882

Sacred to the memory of

James Wesley Stone

Son of

Thomas & Jennie

Stone

who was born Jan. 29, 1819

and died

Sept. 26, 1842

Sacred
to the memory of
Benjamin Underwood
who departed this life
July 9, 1871
Aged 55 years, 4 months
and 21 days

In memory of
William
Son of
Benjamin & Nancy Underwood
Who died Feb. 13, 1845
in the 23rd year of his
age

In memory of
Mrs. Nancy Underwood
Consort of
Benjamin Underwood
who departed this life
on the 27th January, 1814
Aged 46 years

Howard, Son of
Thomas & Rebecca Underwood
Age 15 years

In memory of Jimmie
Son of Thomas & Rebecca Underwood

B. Jan. 18, 1869

D. Aug. 15, 1876

In memory of Mary
Daughter of Thomas & Rebecca Underwood

B. Jan. 14, 1857

D. May 1, 1863

Sacred to the memory of
Thomas Underwood
Died Nov. 10, 1881
In the 58th year of his age

Martha Rebecca Jones
Wife of Thomas Underwood

June 22, 1832

Mar. 19, 1914

Sacred to the memory of Tommie
Son of Thomas & Rebecca Underwood
Born Apr. 23, 1860 Died July 26, 1880

Sacred to the memory of
James Underwood
Born Aug. 26, 1830
Died Dec. 21, 1853

John Underwood

June 19, 1864

Apr. 8, 1901

Dilie Howard

Wife of

John Underwood

June 19, 1864

Sept. 10, 1896

Sacred

to the memory of

Martha Jane Underwood

who departed this life

Jan. 23, 1852

aged 16 years

and 29 days.

Maud Underwood

B. June 10, 1889

D. Dec. 11, 1906

To the memory of

the infant child

of Thomas & Martha R.

Underwood

Dec. 3, 1855

Medora

Wife of

J. A. Wilkinson

and daughter of

Dr. C. M. & Priscilla

Howard

Born Jan. 30, 1854

Died July 24, 1885

Mrs. Laura L. Wood

Died 27th, 1918

Aged 76 years.

(Jud Brislin, undertaker)

Minnie Searcy

Daughter of

Chas. A. & Claudia H.

Wood

B. Oct. 26, 1889

D. Sept. 6, 1890

ROCKY HILL CEMETERY

Autaugaville, Autauga County

MARY ADELE

wife of

S. D. DANTZLER

Born Apr. 28, 1848

Died Sept. 3, 1909

Mother

(Confederate grave with cross in lot.)

In loving remembrance of

SAMUEL DAVID DANTZLER, JR.

Born Apr. 22, 1876

Died Nov. 25, 1901

CHARLES E. DURDEN

Born

Jan. 1, 1856

Died

Mar. 9, 1898

MAGGIE B. DURDEN

wife of

T. E. Golson

Born

Mar. 4, 1867

Died

Feb. 23, 1901

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. AMANDA McNEEL EDMONDS

Jan. 17, 1833

Oct. 12, 1912.

JOHN D. EDWARDS

Born

Oct. 1826

Died

Oct. 22, 1892

Aged 66 yrs.

Our Darling

INEZ GOLSON

Apr. 15, 1919

May 8, 1919

EMMA ALICE HERRING HAUSER

Born

Apr. 10, 1885

Died

Aug. 18, 1908

DR. J. W. HARVIE HERRMANN

Nov. 26, 1886

Oct. 11, 1922

From all life's labors

he rests on high.

JOHN H. HERRMANN

Born

Dec. 3, 1832

Died

Mar. 3, 1896

Resting in hope of a glorious
resurrection.

(Woodman of World)

WM. SEAMAN HERMANN

Oct. 25, 1860

Jan. 5, 1916

Gone but not forgotten.

CHARTER C.

Son of

Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas

HOWARD

Born Sept. 29, 1884

Died Sept. 24, 1905

CHARTER T.

Son of

N. and Ida Howard

Born July 17, 1909

Died Aug. 21, 1910.

In Memory of
Maria E.
Daughter of
Dr. C. O. & M. E. Howard.

Born
May 14, 1844

Died
Nov. 1903.

MIMS HOWARD
Jan. 24, 1846
Feb. 6, 1910.

NICHOLAS HOWARD

Born To

Mortality

Aug. 13, 1860

Born to Immortality

Feb. 5, 1911

An immortal spirit has been lifted
up to God.

Sacred to the memory of
Wm. D. Howard

Born

Dec. 7, 1849

Died

Aug. 29, 1899

Mark the perfect man and behold
the upright for the end of that
man is peace.

In Memory of
WILLIAM DOWSING

Son of
W. D. & BESSIE HOWARD

Born

Dec. 11, 1891

Died

Jan. 18, 1892

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

(McNeel Lot)

EUGENE A.

son of

E. A. & G. L. KING

Born

Jan. 8, 1895

Died

Dec. 22, 1905

KATIE LOUISE KING

Born

Oct. 11, 1892

Died

Oct. 8, 1894

In memory of our father

ALBERT McNEEL

Born at

Yorkville, S. C.

Born

Oct. 11, 1823

Died

May 1, 1885

(Mason)

Alberta daughter of

F. J. and Mattie W. McNeel

Born Sept. 19, 1891

Died July 29, 1892.

In loving remembrance of our mother

ANNIE L. McNEEL

Wife of

ALBERT W. McNEEL

Born

Sept. 5, 1823

Died Nov. 24, 1904

Irby Edmonds

Son of F. J. and Mattie W. McNeel

Born Dec. 28, 1894

Died July 6, 1895.

JAMES GORDON ATKINS

Infant son of

James Oliver & Jessie

McNeel Atkins

Born

Mar. 7, 1894

Died

July 18, 1895

(McNeel Lot)

In Memory of

JESSIE McNEEL ATKINS

Daughter of

Albert W. & Ann L. McNeel

Wife of

James Oliver Atkins

Born

July 1, 1853

Died

May 27, 1894

(McNeel Lot)

LELA SEDBERRY

daughter of

A. W. and A. L. McNEEL

Died Aug. 30, 1854

Aged one year and eleven months.

LULA

Infant daughter of

A. W. AND A. L.

McNEEL

TOBBIE

Son of J. W. and A. L. McNeal

Died Aug. 27, 1882

Aged 15 years.

ROBERT MOTLEY

Born

Sept. 22, 1841

Died

Feb. 13, 1908

JAMES NUNN

May 22, 1869

Dec. 20, 1913.

Gone to live with God.

Mason

WILLIAM JAMES

Son of James and Jennie C. Nunn

Born May 7, 1890

Died June 24, 1891

Those whom God loves die young.

VIRGINIA CATHERINE

wife of

James Nunn

Dec. 19, 1870

Jan. 9, 1924

VIRGINIA NUNN LANFORD

Daughter of James and Virginia Nunn.

Nov. 27, 1888

May 1, 1915.

RAYMOND PERRY

Son of

R. A. & B. L. JONES

May 14, 1922

June 23, 1922

Gone so soon.

ALBERT JAMES

PICKETT

A Gentleman and Scholar

Born

Sept. 10, 1850

Died

Aug. 19, 1899

Aged 48 yrs. 11 mo. and 9 days.

Wm. S. Pou

Born April 3, 1844

Died April 28, 1898.

(Masonic Emblem)

LAURA G. POU

Wife of W. S. Pou

Aug. 26, 1847

Aug. 10, 1902.

MRS. NANCY ROSS

Died

Feb. 28, 1890

Aged 76 years.

WILLIAM HENRY

Son of

DR. R. G. & JULIA P.

SHANKS

June 7, 1914

Aug. 30, 1920

SALLIE LEE

wife of

Dr. J. L. Snow

Born Dec. 21, 1876

Died Oct. 16, 1903

RUTH TANKERSLEY

Born

Nov. 19, 1907

Died

Sept. 28, 1910.

EMMA CORA

wife of

JAMES M. THOMPSON

Born

Jan. 1, 1849

Died

Sept. 28, 1909

Though the body slumbers here
The soul is safe in Heaven.

JAMES MONROE THOMPSON

Born

Nov. 9, 1836

Died

Jan. 19, 1910

An honest man is the noblest
work of God.

LOUISE NUNN WARE

Daughter of Jas. and Virginia Nunn

Wife of Robt. Y. Ware, Jr.

Mar. 26, 1896

Oct. 9, 1919.

PERRY HOLT WYATT

Oct. 11, 1912

Dec. 11, 1915

A fairer bud of promise
never bloomed.



REV. J. D. ANTHONY

REV. J. D. ANTHONY

(The following sketch of the Rev. J. D. Anthony, author of "Cherokee County", published in this issue of the Quarterly, was prepared by Hugh W. Cardon, of Birmingham, a portion of an address made by him to a group of ladies in Centre, Alabama, on the Cherokee Indians.)

Reverend Anthony wrote an autobiography which is titled, "Life and Times of Reverend J. D. Anthony", and was published in Atlanta in 1896. According to the autobiography, the subject was born in Abbeville County, South Carolina, on October 12, 1825, the son of Reverend Whitfield Anthony, a local Methodist Preacher who was also born in the Abbeville district on November 14, 1802. Reverend J. D. Anthony's mother was Lucinda Miller, who too was a native of Abbeville. The father of Reverend Whitfield Anthony was Joel Anthony who was the son of Captain John Anthony. John Anthony was a Captain in the Revolutionary Army from North Carolina and his son, Joel, served under his command during the War of Independence.

In November, 1835, J. D. Anthony accompanied his father and family to the Cherokee nation and settled on the banks of the Coosa River in what is now Cherokee County, Alabama, approximately ten miles west of the Georgia line. Reverend Whitfield Anthony established the first white Methodist Church in what is now Cherokee County, Alabama, in the early part of 1836 and named the Church 'Ebenezer'. This Church continues to exist and is now on the Centre circuit.

On July 4, 1839, J. D. Anthony lost the sight of his right eye caused by the explosion of a powder horn which contained a half pound of powder. His father and mother were away from home in the County Seat, which was located about five miles distance from their home, attending a fourth of July celebration when the accident happened. The County Seat at that time was called Jefferson, but later the name was changed to Cedar Bluff. The Anthony family moved from Cherokee County, Alabama, across the line into Floyd County, Georgia, in the autumn of 1843.

J. D. Anthony was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Cassville and Rome Circuit held in Rome on

October 24, 1846, and was admitted to the old Georgia Conference at Covington on December 20 of the same year.

His first circuit included twenty-six preaching places and was situated in the beautiful mountains of North Georgia.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Reverend Anthony was stationed on the Summerville Circuit in Chattooga County which joined DeKalb and Cherokee Counties in Alabama. In 1863, he was transferred to the Sandersville Circuit and through his intercession with General Sherman caused by a Masonic appeal, the town of Sandersville was spared from the torch.

In 1869, Reverend Anthony was transferred to the Mobile Conference and was assigned to Elyton and Crumley's Chapel. The parsonage for this circuit was located at Village Falls, approximately twelve miles from Elyton and five miles from Crumley's Chapel.

In November, 1870, he participated in the organization of the North Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South at Gadsden. This organizational conference was presided over by two of the great men of Methodist History, Bishops Payne and McTyeire. At the close of the Conference, Reverend Anthony was appointed presiding Elder of the Tuscaloosa District. The territory of the Tuscaloosa district reached from the west line of Jefferson County to the Mississippi line and from the southern boundary of the convention to the dividing lines of Walker, Fayette, and Marion Counties. While holding this pastorate, Brother Anthony witnessed the founding of Birmingham.

In the summer of 1873, Brother Anthony was invited to address the people of Birmingham on "The Evils of Intemperance". On arriving into the Magic City he found that the people here were dying at a rapid rate from an epidemic of Asiatic cholera. In the space of five hours, he witnessed seventeen funerals and the morning after his arrival, he was stricken with the disease but managed to recover without the aid of any medical assistance, although his death was reported and his obituaries were written in several of the papers in the Tuscaloosa District.

At the annual conference held in Talladega in 1873, Reverend Anthony was appointed Presiding Elder of the Birmingham District and in 1875 was appointed to the Gadsden station. At the close of the Conference year, he elected to return to the South Georgia Conference and spent the remainder of his life as a member of that Conference serving not only in the larger stations, but as Presiding Elder.

J. D. Anthony was the father of Reverend Bascom Anthony who too became one of the outstanding men of Georgia Methodism.

CHEROKEE COUNTY, ALABAMA, REMINISCENCES OF ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT

By Rev. J. D. Anthony

(From The Gadsden Times. Clippings not carrying dates of publication.)
TO THE EDITOR:

In compliance with a promise made you some time since, I now furnish you with the first chapter of "Reminiscences of the Early Settlement of Cherokee County, Alabama." If I did not have an inexpressible aversion to the thought that I am growing old, I would tell you when and where I was born. I suppose, however, that the announcement of these facts will not cause the wheels of time to roll round with greater velocity. I am aware that all readers like to know something, at least, of the history and character of the writer after whom they read. Yielding, then, to this acknowledged demand of our nature, I will state that I was born in Abbeville district (now county), South Carolina, on the 12th day of October, 1825. My father is one-half English and the other half Dutch; my mother one-half Irish and the other half Welsh. So you see, gentle reader, that the blood of four of the great nations of earth course through my veins. In view of this fact, I have always been of the opinion that my parents made a mistake in selecting my Christian name. They ought to have named me "Medley", which as you know, means "a mixture," I would not have objected to "Dan," that most euphonest of all male names. Then I would have written it thus: "Dan Medley."

REMOVAL TO ALABAMA

In the autumn of 1835 my father, Rev. Whitfield Anthony, determined to leave the old red hills and sandy bottoms of South Carolina, and go to a land that "flowed with milk and honey." After having traveled very extensively over Georgia and Alabama "spying out" our future Canaan, he returned with his report, which was to the effect that he had found the long desired and much sought after

GARDEN SPOT OF EARTH,

which was in many respects the equal of the lost Eden of ancient notoriety. Geographically, it was bounded on the North and west by the beautiful and majestic Coosa river, on the south by Terrapin and Frog creeks, and on the east by the Georgia line. True Edenic zephyrs swept over a vast area of territory around, causing the earth to bring forth unnumbered flowers of Paradiscal beauty. The lowlands were covered with cane of wonderful height yet overshadowed by majestic trees of great variety. The higher lands were covered with every variety of berry and wild fruit. The forests were full of deer and game of all kinds. The water courses abounded in a full supply of the best varieties of fish; while wild bees and filled all the hollow trees—and crevices in the rocks with that delicious article which David said is so “sweet in the comb.” When my father came back from “spying out the land” and gave his glowing description of this modern Eden, I felt that it would be an intolerable detention to tarry until the ensuing fall in that old worn out country—I longed for the time to come when we could get to the land of “fritters and honey.” Time moved on. The appointed day for us to move westward at length arrived. Farewells were uttered, tears shed, the whip cracked, the wheels rolled and on we went for two mortal weeks. We crossed the western Georgia line about the middle of a bright afternoon in the month of November, 1835. We were informed that we were then in the Alabama portion of the Cherokee nation. We rolled on till a late hour in the evening, keeping on the old Georgia and Alabama road. At length we came to what was then called Spring creek, now called South Spring creek, to distinguish it from one of the same name in the northern portion of the county.—There we went into camp for a few days. The object was two-fold: first, to replenish our empty larder; secondly, to allow the “men folks” opportunity to look around for suitable places for locating their future homes. Our party of emigrants numbered about forty souls. While the men were out home hunting, the juvenile males were detailed to take the dogs and bring in something to eat.

EXPECTATIONS NOT REALIZED

Away we went, looking for those ponds of honey—and finding none. We strained our eyes looking into every hollow tree

for bees, but saw none. We saw several deer, but they always saw us first; the first thing we saw of them was the flag of defiance, which was always hoisted beteen them and us. Late in the evening we succeeded in capturing two hares, which evidently belonged to the family of Pharaoh's "lean kind", but they were better than no meat, so we marched to camp carrying our game with us. While we were skinning and washing our meat at the ford of the creek, we looked back as far up the road as we could see, and "longed for the flesh pots of Egypt." The men of our party returned at night, bringing a deer with them, which in reply to the question as to how they captured it, my father said "had been struck with a silver bullet the size of a Mexican dollar,"—They had brought it from an Indian, who was more expert in cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the bounding game of the forest than were the uninitiated men of our party.

SELECTION OF A HOME

My father finally bought out a man by the name of Martin, who had built him a cabin 16 x 18, covered with four feet boards secured by logs on top, called weight polls, and floored with split logs. The spacious kitchen was 12 x 14, with as firm a floor as old mother earth could afford—that is to say, it was a dirt floor. The houses were built upon the first elevation of uplands adjoining the rich river lowlands.

Martin had half-way cultivated about five acres of land the year preceding, and had "deadened" about as much more, around which he had made a fence, so-called—that is, it was enclosed by a structure of rails and poles six high—Martin gave as a reason why he wished to sell, that the country would soon be too thickly settled. The facts in the case, as I afterwards learned them, were, that Martin had left his own wife in Tennessee, and somehow or somehow else found himself in possession of another man's wife. Perhaps the consciousness of these facts had something to do in forming his wiews of the increase of population in the nation. He left for parts unknown to us. Whether he ever found his own wife, or returned the other man his strayed or stolen one, I have never heard. Our location was one mile south of Coosa, in what was then called the Lay of McCay bend, three miles west of the mouth of Mud Creek, two miles from Cothrun's ferry, four miles from the present site of

Cedar Bluff, and about one and a half miles from what is now known as Howel's X Roads.

OUR NEIGHBORS

Ambrose Vandiver was our nearest neighbor. He had a large family, in which the female element largely predominated. I was in later years decidedly of the opinion that his girls were not only domestic, but also good looking—especially Miss Bettie Hezekiah Day, who was afterward the first Justice of the Peace in that part of country, was our next nearest neighbor.—Poor fellow, he allowed his passions to control his reason. He subsequently got into trouble, was charged with an attempt to violate the person of a poor girl, was tried which cost him the greater portion of his worldly goods, and he only escaped with his life as it were by the skin of the teeth. He then left in pursuit of a home in the more distant west. John Lay, with whom his aged father lived, who was also the father of Capt. C. M. Lay, of Gadsden, lived about one and one-fourth miles from us, on the bank of the Coosa; also his mother-in-law, Mrs. McCoy, with her two sons, William and John, and her daughter Nancy. Below McCoys Mr. Absolem Reagan lived, who, I believe, was a son-in-law of Mrs. McCoy. Some two and a half miles northwest of us lived old Col. John Cothrun and Major Sam Martin. Maj. M. died three or four years afterward, as did most of the members of his family. His son Charles Bingley, I have been informed, made a Baptist preacher of no ordinary character. He certainly ought to have made a preacher, for by common consent, there was only one boy in all that portion of the nation that could bear a comparison with him in boyish mischief. Who that worse boy was I leave you to conjecture; I believe there is no law requiring a witness to incriminate himself.

WHAT I PROPOSE

Having given my location, I propose to tell the reader in future papers what I learned from my standpoint of pioneer life—Indian war in Cherokee, religious development, educational advantages, "slick law," establishment of law and order, political phases, etc.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE NATION

On our arrival in the nation, we found no churches or houses for divine worship. The holy Sabbath was not observed; indeed, there were many who did not know when the day came. Many who claimed to be religious before they left the older settlements, appeared to have left their Christianity behind them. It was no uncommon thing to see a large percent of the male population with their guns on their shoulders on the Lord's day. Some were so reckless as to assert that Sunday was the most "lucky" day for hunting game. To see ten or a dozen deer in a gang was quite a common occurrence. Almost any Sunday one could hear from one to a dozen guns fire. My father, being in the habit of preaching to congregations every Sabbath, and regarding the violation of the Lord's day a sin of no ordinary magnitude, determined to erect an humble long house and dedicate it to the worship of Almighty God. He called on the neighbors for several miles around to meet on a certain day and assist in this laudable enterprise. They turned out almost, to the man, and worked faithfully until a house 18 feet square was raised and covered. The house was built of split chestnut logs, the pulpit also being constructed of split timbers; for a time there was no floor in the house but afterwards a split-log or puncheon floor was put in. This house was located about one mile from Cothrun's ferry, near the spot where John Spann, Esq. afterwards settled. My father preached monthly in the new meeting-house. Two Baptist preachers from Terrapin valley, named Cazy and Minton, preached there frequently, and occasionally Revs. William Taylor and James Wilson, of the same denomination.

The Rev. John Foust, had been sent by the Alabama Conference of the Methodist church as a missionary to the Cherokee country. He had heard that our people had built a house of worship, and determined to hunt us up. One evening I was out a few rods from our house, when I saw a heavily-built, square shouldered man approaching, riding an iron-gray horse, with saddlebags under him. He presented to my eye the appearance of a Methodist, itinerant. So strongly was I impressed with the striking resemblance which he bore to men of that class in my native land, that I ran and told my mother a "circuit preacher" was coming. The old lady ran to the door, looked

at him, and said: "Yes, I'll warrant he's the missionary from the other side of the river." The traveler said: "Madam, I'm a Methodist missionary out hunting the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The old lady's eyes sparkled with new lustre. She seemed to grow a head and shoulders taller. Said she:—"Light, sir, light; you are at the right place, and as welcome here as if you were at your own home."—Mr. Foust was a laborious, faithful man of God. He was man of strong faith in God's promises. He believed that by prayer and faith in God's promises he could cure many of the diseases to which flesh is heir. He and my father and Rev. Newton Randall organized churches at different points in the nation. They constituted one on South Spring creek, one on Mud creek, and one near Gaylesville. During the first year of our stay in the nation there was a camp-ground established near Gaylesville which was called Sulphur Springs. Judge Birdwell, who was the first Probate Judge of Cherokee county, built a tent there; also Elijah Paty and his son, John, Hon. George Clinton, who afterwards represented the county several times in the State legislature.

There was a preacher by the name of Booker, of whom a pious old lady once remarked, "God bless that dear good man! He's the first man I ever heard preach standing on his knees." She was mistaken. He stood flat-footed, and extended as far up into the air as his stature would allow. There may have been a few others who camped at this pioneer feast of tabernacles, whose presence I have forgotten. Robert Ware, the father of Mrs. Dr. Edwards of Attalla, built a tent on this ground and tented at the second camp meeting. The Cherokee Indians attended this meeting in large numbers. Many of them had been converted under the preaching of the missionaries. They were devotedly pious. A large number were converted at this meeting. I noticed that most of them, on professing conversion, shouted aloud and gave expression to their feelings just as the whites did. What surprised me most was that those among them who could not speak one word of English, and had to be preached to and instructed through an interpreter, when converted always shouted "glory! glory!" I then thought, and yet think, that this word was of heavenly origin, and means the same thing in heaven and on the earth; yea, and in all languages of all worlds. I still entertain the opinion that the converted savage better understands the definition of the word "glory" than the most learned unregenerated lexicographer.

With wonderful rapidity churches were multiplied, particularly of the Methodist and Baptist denominations. The Cumberland Presbyterians also gained a considerable hold.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

Was mainly represented on the north of the Coosa By Rev. Newton Randall and old "Father Booker," and on the south side by my venerable father. Perhaps the reader may think it would better become some other pen than mine to speak of the labors and virtues of Rev. Whitfield Anthony. It strikes me that such an opinion has its origin in a false delicacy. Who has a better right to know a man's life, piety and sacrifices than his own son? I feel it my duty to state the facts as connected with the life and labors of my father in Cherokee.—He labored hard on the farm during the week days and preached every Sunday. He also attended meetings in all parts of the nation. He was then in the full possession of all his powers, both physical and mental. He felt it to be his duty to do all he could both for the support of his family and the mental and spiritual elevation of the people in the nation. My father had some knowledge of the science of medicine. He had brought a good stock of medicines with him from Carolina for family use. His services as a physician were soon called into requisition. He was remarkably popular as a physician. Perhaps one cause of his popularity in this new department was traceable to the fact that he charged nothing for his services and furnished the medicines without money or price. So, between the farm and family on the one hand, and physic and gospel on the other, my father, was kept employed all his time. In the course of three or four years after our arrival in the nation, Methodism was firmly planted in Cherokee. They soon got the "preacher making machine" in successful operation. I have never known so small a population to turn out such a proportion of preachers in so short a time as the Methodist church did in Cherokee between the years 1836 and 1840. Among the vast number licensed during this period, I remember John Paty, Wm. Fleming, Jere Jack, Haman Bailey, John Kuykendall, Joel Weems, a Mr. Reeves, a Mr. Mountain, and Toliver Spann. So far, as I know most of these men have proven faithful to the trust committed to them. Paty and Bailey have gone to their reward in the spirit land. Mountain, I am informed, got into some trouble and finally joined another branch of the Christian church, and is

still preaching—Kuykendall is now in the hospital for the insane at Tuscaloosa—Weems was always a man of peculiarities, particularly in the manner of delivering his sermons. He had a clear head and sound mind. At last accounts he was living in the southern part of Cherokee county, in the neighborhood where he first located in the early settling of the county. He is now old and well stricken in years. Of Reeves, and Jack, and a host of others, I know nothing. Fleming used to preach with his eyes either closed or raised at an angle of forty-five degrees above his congregation. I always regarded him an earnest man, I remember that in one of his sermons he told us that Washington and Putnam, of revolutionary fame, while young, both fell in love with the same lady, and that the lady decided to leave her choice between the two to a feat of agility. The two aspirants for her heart and hand were on a given day to “jump” for the prize. Putnam leaped twenty-one feet at the first bound, Washington beat him six inches, and got the young and beautiful widow.—Fifty years have rolled away since that time, yet that anecdote is as fresh in my mind as though he had related it but yesterday. I have never been able to find those facts stated in history, and when I have occasion to use them, always give the Rev. Mr. F. credit for them.

AN INDIAN PREACHER

By the name of Thomas J. Meggs, who was a full-blooded Cherokee, often spent days together at my father's house. He was a member of and a minister in the Methodist church, and appeared to be devoutly pious. He spoke English quite fluently for an Indian, but would not preach, pray, sing, or even ask a blessing in English. My father enquired of him why he did not, when praying among and for the whites, use their languages. His reply was: “De 'Postle Paul say, no breach no bray in onknown languages; dat's it why I no do it.”—Meggs always carried about with him one of Walker's dictionaries. I believe my father gave him the book. My father was anxious to know Megg's opinion in reference to what are generally called “Indian mounds.” Meggs said, “Cherokee no make 'em. Da be here when Cherokee first come here, Meggs be a boy den. Da was anoder Ingian here fore Cherokee come here. Da be much, and da be mighty bigger dan Cherokee. Da be blacker dan Cherokee, Cherokee and Black Ingian fight hard and fight long time. De Cherokee warriors, do be gone to fight de Black Ingian, and do

leave Meggs and de boys wid squaws and pickinies. Black Ingians da come to kill squaws. Meggs and boys and squaws da all fight Black Ingians. Black Ingians shoot Meggs in arm; dat's de way Meggs lose he arm. At last Cherokee kill all de Black Ingians. Da kill de warriors, da kill de squaws, and da kill de chillins, and burn de towns; and den Cherokee take country from 'em.—Dat's de way Cherokee git dis country. I 'spect dat's de Ingians dat makee de mouns." Meggs' statement with regard to the Black Indians was corroborated by Rev. Martin Sims, who was a missionary in 1822-23 to the Choctaw Indians. This aged missionary, told the writer a few years since that he had often heard the older warriors among the Choctaws talk of a war against the "Big Black Indians," in which the Choctaws and Cherokees united, and literally exterminated the Black Indians. The Choctaws located the scene of the final battle at a town on the banks of the Big warrior, near the present site of Tuscaloosa.

THE INDIAN MOUNDS

Yet remain a standing mystery to the whites. It is clear to every thinking mind that they were erected by a nation much farther advanced in civilization than any of the Indian tribes known to the whites. They certainly date far back into the ages of antiquity, and were erected as monuments of great victories, or to commemorate the virtues of their renowned warriors. There was a mound on the bank of the Coosa, on the farm of William McCoy, about three miles from Howel's X Roads, that presented one feature not commonly found connected with the mounds of Cherokee. Before the land was cleared for cultivation, there was a trench or ditch clearly perceptible, about eight feet wide. It was traceable from the second bank of the river, running in a straight line west; then turning at right angles, it ran due south; then in a direct line back to the river. A poplar tree ten feet in diameter grew in and on the ditch. In the centre of the area enclosed by this trench there was a mound eight or ten feet in height, covering about one half acre of land. The trench enclosed about four acres. The second year McCoy cultivated the mound land, his plow struck an oil-stone, breaking off a piece about six inches long.—He then dug down and took out the remaining portion of the stone. It was octagon in shape, beautifully polished, and bore upon its surface an inscription which no one there, alas! could read. What

a pity it was not sent to some museum! I have often thought that stone, in the hands of a scientist, might have become the key to the mysterious history of the Cherokee Indian Mounds.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES

A year passed without the establishment of any school in our neighborhood. William Kincade taught our first school. He was from North Carolina. His school was small.—Silas Spann taught the second.—Both these were three month's schools. For many years our schools were taught by very incompetent men. I remember that one of our teachers wrote a copy for me to write after, of which the following is a literal copy:

"THE RILE OV THREA PURPLEXIS MEE"

Another: "Burds ov a feether allurs flock tugether." The same pedagogue gave out in the spelling class the words hereditary and dy-sentary. There were many applications for positions as teachers by adventurers, many of whom could not work a simple sum in addition. It was said that one of these, before a board of examiners, had given to him to spell the word coffee, which he spelled "kaughphy." There was a good school at Franklin Academy, taught by Britton Webb. The little town of Porterville now occupies the former site of this academy. This school often numbered over one hundred pupils. I think it was instituted in the year 1838 or '39, and continued in successful operation for many years. A Mr. Smith, whose given name I think was Roberts, also taught a large mixed school in the neighborhodd of Gaylesville.—He taught in the same neighborhood for several years. There were two competent men who taught in our neighborhood each term of five months, viz: Dr. David Murrell and Snelson Roberts. With these two exceptions, the schools for several years on the south side of the Coosa, in Cherokee, were schools only in name.

SUPERSTITION IN THE NATION

It is generally the case, in the earlier settlement of all new countries, that the ignorant and superstitious element largely predominates in society. This was true in the early history of Cherokee. It really appeared that the old superstitious notions entertanied in New England two centuries ago of witches,

ghosts and hobgoblins, were fully revived and most heartily endorsed by many of our pioneer citizens. Indeed, we had it in its most perfect state. And why should we not have it thus, when we had the cream from the churns of superstition of Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, all poured into the Cherokee vat? According to the best rules that the wisest heads could deduct from this cast store of concentrated wisdom, there was a proper time of the moon to be born in, a propitious time of the moon to be married in, and the moon and stars also augured the hour and manner in which all mankind shall meet the king of terrors. Ghosts could be seen by only certain persons, who had been so fortunate as to be born during certain phases of the moon. This fortunate class had often seen these wonderful beings, under wonderful circumstances, done wondrously. When these denizens of the spirit world were seen coming toward any one, it was a sign of success in business, and augured a long and happy life. If they were seen going from you it was a sign of speedy death. I used to regret that I was not born under an auspicious star. I never could get sight of a ghost, though I tried as often and as hard as any poor boy could. I had a dear friend, named John, who was often favored with these enchanting visions. He was about seven years my senior. John, though often seeing these ghosts, never could bring himself to the point where he could willingly cultivate an acquaintance with them. Every time he saw one he was almost frightened out of his senses. I remember, on one occasion John's father, after a hard day's work, had finished a new "slide," with a body to it, which he intended the next day to begin hauling in his crop of corn. The old gentleman completed the job just at dark. Unthoughtedly he left his slide before the gate. That night John determined to visit a young lady who lived about a mile from his father's residence. He remained in her attractive presence until near midnight, when he started for home. Some boys had been out rabbit hunting the day previous, and had cut a leaning tree, which had split in falling, and stood above John's head. Just at this point a "ghost", in the form of a huge giant, stood by the wayside, with his mighty arm extended above poor John's head. John was always very fleet of foot; indeed, he could not be beaten in a foot race, and when frightened his speed was increased an hundred per cent. The sight of this ghost was sufficient to call forth every latent power of soul and body.

Perhaps no one ever made a better time than John did that night. So great was his speed that when he came to the old gentleman's slide there was an unavoidable collision. The slide was run over, capsized, and terribly mutilated. John broke down the door shutter of the house and fell full length in on the floor. He had made a wonderful escape! True, he was terribly exhausted and his shins were badly skinned, and the old man's slide was broken to pieces; but what of all this? John had escaped with his dear life!

WITCHES

Were also quite abundant in the nation. I noticed this fact, that all the witches of that day were old women, wrinkled and extremely homely. These characteristics gave me a distaste, or rather created an aversion to witches. Then their occupation—oh, how abominable! The business of witches was to put spells on folks, kill hogs, cows, dogs, etc; in a mighty curious way. Then there was a sovereign remedy against the power of witches, which soon became generally known. It was to "build a fire in all your chimneys every Christmas morning out of green hickory wood." The strict observance of this rule would prove a sure protection against all the dreadful powers of witches—One old lady, whom for convenience I will call Aunt Jenny, had the misfortune on a certain Christmas morning to have a small mixture of oak with her hickory wood. The result was terrible, the consequences fatal to Aunt Jenny's best interests. Her chickens had the gapes, her hogs had the cholera, her cows had the murrain, and everything went wrong. Aunt Jenny was a keen, shrewd woman. After properly weighing and investigating the whole matter, she decided that all her misfortunes were the result of witchery, that the mixture of oak wood in the Christmas fire was the cause, and that an old woman by the name of Moore, who was an enemy to her and her family, was the agent. Aunt Jenny was a woman of resources. She soon resolved on

HER REMEDIES.

They were as follows: First, the next pig that showed signs of being bewitched was to be thrown into a burning brush-heap, made of hickory brush. The next cow that was bewitched was to be burned in a hickory fire. And to make the work com-

plete, there were to be twelve bullets run out of pure silver, then a picture of the old witch was to be drawn and placed on a plank and these bullets were to be shot from a rifle gun at the picture, and if over one half of the bullets could be put into the heart, the charm would be broken. The old lady's programme was carried out. The first pig bewitched afterwards was thrown into fire; the little fellow forgot that he was bewitched, and came running out of the fire, terribly singed but cured from all effects of witchery. The silver balls were all fired, and (Part left out) Continued with next part—

HARD TIMES IN OUR NEW HOME

Our bread corn had to be hauled from the older settlements. It was a weeks' journey for the driver, wagon and team, to go for and return with a load of corn. Some adventurer brought a small drove of hogs from Tennessee, which he sold to the new settlers at exorbitant figures. Trusting to good fortune, or hoping to get a full half support from the game in the forest, there were but few, if any, who supplied themselves with more than half rations for the year. Of one thing we are quite sure, viz: there was no bacon to grease the beans and cabbage with when it came to the season of the year for such vegetables to put in their appearances. Every housewife was taxed to her utmost ingenuity to invent some new mode of cooking vegetables that would supersede the old time honored and much abused system of cooking everything in connection with "old Ned." Many used milk and butter as a substitute; one good woman of our neighborhood had brought a large quantity of beef tallow from Carolina, and used the tallow freely in cooking her vegetables, which by the way was an admirable substitute, provided they were used while they were warm. The worst difficulty in the way of this mode of cooking lay in the fact that one soon lost the use of the roof of the mouth, by the unconscious but constantly accumulating amount of tallow that would inevitably deposit itself in that particular locality. This good woman, was, with all her other good qualities, quite a philosopher. She used all her powers of elocution to prove to her family and visitors that this was not only the most economical but also the most palatable and healthy mode of cooking. Her concluding argument ran thus: "What on airth is so good for a cold or a fever as taller grease? If you'll grease a person all over when they've got a burnin' fever, it'll cool the fever in less nor no time. Don't the scripture say if anybody's

got a fever to grease 'em with oil and pray for 'em and they shall git well, and don't every mother grease her baby all over with hot taller when it's got a cold, and what is good for the outside, don't it stand to reason is good for the inside?" This argument always received the hearty endorsement of her hungry visitors, and the family without a dissenting voice nodded assent.

GRIST MILLS WERE SCARCE

We had to go back into Georgia to get our corn ground. My father was always an independent spirited man. Impelled by his native character, he determined to have a mill of his own. He never was a man to trumpet his plans to others; he, however, on this occasion informed the family that he had made up his mind fully on the subject, and at all hazards he would put up a mill on

"THE ARMSTRONG PLAN."

He accordingly cut a large pine that had the lightwood element predominating to a very large extent, cut off a cut about three and a half feet in length, then chipping out one end in a concave shape, built a fire in it and kept it burning for several hours, then he extinguished the fire by the application of water, and so his mill was complete! I had the honor of being promoted to the office of miller, and did the grinding for the family for a season; but like many of my race, who do not know when they are doing well, I became dissatisfied with my position. My principal objection was the pounding and braying of corn in the mortar. It seemed to me that the corn, after beating it for hours, was very much like Solomon's "fool," who after braying and pounding in the mortar, continued to be a fool." So my corn, after much pounding, continued to be corn. It was necessary to success, in grinding on that pattern of an Armstrong mill, that one should "possess his soul in patience." I politely expressed this objection to my kind-hearted father, who encouraged me to perseverance by informing me that he would, as soon as roasting ears began to harden, put me in possession of a new and improved pattern of an Armstrong mill.

My father always kept his word at par, so in the fullness of time the old milk pan was converted into a new mill. It was nailed to a board. My father then furnished me with a dozen ears of corn and gave me the bread-tray to be used as a meal box,

renewed my commission, and left me in my glory. I was much pleased with the new mill; for a time I admired the rapidity with which it ground, but soon found, to my sorrow, that it was impossible for me to run the mill and retain the nails on my fingers and thumbs; one after another they passed away, leaving my poor hands the worse for the wear and tear. I assure you, gentle reader, that from that hour to this I have had no use for a mill that does not run by either steam or water, and I always feel sorry for the poor fellow who bears the name of **Armstrong**, for, for the life of me, I can't keep from associating him with the mortar and (**gritter**) grater pioneer notoriety.

"SLICK LAW"

On our arrival in "the nation" we found no law in existence among the whites, except what was known as the "Slick Law". This law was enacted by an organized company of men scattered over an area of country which extended from the Tennessee river on the north to the line of the Creek nation on the south, and reaching east far back into the State of Georgia, and how far west I could never learn. Many good men had gone into this company for the noble purpose of protecting themselves in their rights in life and property; but there were many other, and doubtless by far the greater portion, who had joined for no other purpose than to be protected in their own rascality. Many a poor Indian lost his pony, his cows, and hogs, by the base villians, who screened themselves behind the specious show of "slick law." Any new comer among the whites, who chose not to cast his lot with these ruffians, was sure to bring down their ire upon his unfortunate head. Prominent among "the slicks," as an old man of small dimensions, in every sense of the term, except, it might be truthfully said, that he far excelled all mankind in indescribable ugliness. He always impressed me as being the personification of the connecting link between the ape and the noble animal designated by the term man, the former element largely predominating—This sui generis was known and recognized, afortiori, as "Captain Whips." He lived alone in a little cabin on the south bank of Coosa about one mile below the mouth of Mud Creek. He rode a fine black horse, and always carried when riding on horseback a medium sized wagon whip in his hand, which I suppose was the insignia of the exalted position he held as "Captain of a company of Slicks." Shortly after our arrival these sticklers for

la and order "slicked" an old man by the name of Hendricks, i.e. they gave him about two hundred lashes on his naked back.

They then determined to "slick" his son Joab, who lived near where Porterville in DeKalb county now stands. They took both the Hendricks across the Georgia line to "slick" them. The work was done near the residence of a Mr. Dempsey. Whether Dempsey or Whips did the "slicking," or hether they divided the job between them, I never knew. Some years after, while Dempsey was sitting quietly in his house, some one gave him the contents of a double barrel shot-gun. He was thus made a cripple for life. I never learned who Dempsey accused with furnishing him with that supper of Blue plums. Every one else attributed it to the hospitality of the Hendricks', and regarded it as the last note in the funeral dirge of Alabama "slick law."

CAPTAIN WHIPS,

I think, left for parts unknown; I know most of his stripe left the nation on the extension of civil law. I do not know what became of old Moody Hendricks and his son Joab.

I will in my next give an account of the death of the "slick law" and the first legal court held in the county of Cherokee, etc.

DEATH OF "SLICK LAW"

Everything earthly has to come to an end. This pioneer monster or corruption, "Slick law", was no exception to this inexorable law.—After having been for some years a terrible instrument of cruelty in the hands of bad men, it came to its death in the following manner. The tide of immigration kept pouring in. Good citizens, coming in from the other States, where law and order prevailed, were not prepared to take part with men of the character borne by most of the "slicks". The better class of their number, as soon as civil law was proclaimed, refused to cooperate with them. The demands of the law were sustained by all good citizens. The first circuit court was appointed to be held at the residence of Singleton Hughes, on what then was called Cowan's creek. I suppose this location to be about eight miles southeast of the present town of Centre. The "slicks" determined that the Hendricks should not appear in court. Those who loved the right and were in favor of law

determined that young Hendricks should confront his enemies in open court. The "slicks", armed themselves to the teeth, and swore vengeance upon Hendricks and his friends who dared to protect him in his legal rights. On the other hand, the better class of citizens of the country resolved to defend Hendricks and see that he had a fair trial, if it even required the shedding of blood. My father belonged to this latter class. So, on the day set by the court for the trial of criminals a company of sixty or seventy mounted men, well armed and equipped, made their appearance at the court ground, and Joab Hendricks was in their midst. They rode up to the door of the little log grocery which was being used as a court house, handed Hendricks in, and then formed a living wall around the house, arms in hand.—The determined attitude assumed by these lovers of law had the desired effect. The "slicks" skulked away and sought refuge in more savage climes. The law then declared its supremacy, peace and quiet were restored, and the "slick law" was numbered with things that had been.

INDIAN WARS IN THE NATION

Soon after our arrival in the nation a company of Creek Indians, numbering fifteen hundred, left the Creek nation, and coming into the Cherokee nation, found a wigwam town on South Spring creek, about three miles from our residence,—They said on their arrival that they had left their old homes for no other reason than to get away from the seat of war. The Creek nation was then engaged in war with the United States. The seat of war was near Columbus, Ga. and in those counties of Alabama which lie immediately on the State line, within the limits of the Alabama Creek purchase. The Indians for a time were friendly with the whites, but soon began to grow sullen and more distant in their intercourse with them. It was not long before distrust, coupled with fear, gave rise to numberless statements concerning preparations for war. "The Indians are painting!" it was said, "and this is an unerring omen of their being ready to start on the war path." They were running bullets, grinding knives and tomahawks, and doing a thousand other things that pointed to the speedy massacre of the whites. The whites began to hold councils of war and to devise means of protection. It was agreed that it was the duty of every one to put his own "house in order."—that is, to cut holes in his cabin large enough to shoot through. He was then to bore holes

through the logs of his cabin, drive wooden forks through, and secure his door by as many wooden bolts as wuld be necessary to make his dwelling impervious to the attacks of the savages. Every one within the bounds of my acquaintance took "due notice and governed himself accordingly."

A FAMILY SAID TO BE MURDERED

Shortly after these initiatory and necessary war steps were taken, a man came through the settlement with hat in hand, waving it over his head as he rode, which was the signal to be recognized as the tocsin of war, or in other words, it was to be regarded as a sign that the Indians had began their bloody work; it was also to be the bugle note which was to call the patriots to the front. This harbinger of battle and blood at intervals would shout as he rode, "The Injins killed Cazort and his family last night!" A man of that name lived a few miles from us across the Georgia line. The women and children began to hunt for places of safety, some going into the centre of the corn field, others hiding in the swamps and canebrakes. The men seized their guns and ammunitions, those who had horses mounted them, and all hastened to the front. One of our neighbors, old Tom Price, had neither gun nor horse, and when the little band of patriots reached his cabin they found old Tom riving boards. He declared his willingness to go an Indian killing expedition, provided some one would let him "ride behind." One of the party agreeing to the proposition, old Tom threw down his froe, retained his mallet as a weapon of war, mounted behind, and went on, swearing that the "Injins" would all have to be killed. The moving army halted next at the cabin of old

"CAPTAIN WHIPS",

who was ever ready to "slick" the "pony club," but when it came to hostile Indians, with the implements of death in hand, he found it necessary to change his tactics. He however, mounted, whip in hand, and moved on to the front. My father was elevated to the responsible position of Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of Mud Creek. On the march to the supposed seat of war, Captain Whips, having made up his mind as to the best mode of conquering a peace, and knowing my father to be a minister of the gospel, rode up to him and adressed him thus: "Well, parson, I have been studyin' about these here

Injins, and I've concluded that the best way to git red of 'em is to convert 'em. Yes, sir, convart 'em every one, and be done with 'em." My father, looking at the subject from a theological standpoint, could not comprehend how a work so vast, in its character could be done under the circumstances in time to meet the emergencies of the case; and doubtless the old gentleman supposed it would be difficult to find a missionary who would be willing to undertake the task of "converting" fifteen hundred savages with tomahawks and scalping-knives in their hands.—With these views, my father politely informed the Captain that he had no doubt with regard to the efficacy of the Christian religion in bringing about peace between man and his fellow-man, even though his fellow-man be a savage Creek Indian. "But," said he, "Captain, how are we to make Christians of them before they kill the women and children?" To which Whipps replied: "Drot it, parson, I didn't mean to make Christians of 'em.—I mean to convart 'em from live Injins into dead ones; that's the kind of convarsion that will suit Injins, and no other kind will do." The parson just then received new light upon the Bible term "convert." During the absence of the men, the women and children were taking care of themselves as best they could.

OLD MRS. HOLMES

the wife of Rev. John Holmes, who lived on Locust branch, three miles south of our location, took her family and retreated, into the centre of the corn field. It was night, quite dark and raining. The corn was of sufficient height to hide one, even in daylight, from the view of a person on the outside of the field. The old lady had a large family. After reaching the centre of the field she counted noses, and found that her numerous progeny were all present; but, to her extreme mortifications, she found that her son Warren, a youth of seventeen or eighteen summers, had left the house without his coat, and was consequently in his shirt sleeves. The old lady, on making this discovery, said to her hopeful son, "Why, my darling son Warren, here you are in your shirt sleeves, and your shirt is whiter than snow. Oh, me! Oh, me! the Indians can see you five miles in the dark. Oh me! what shall we do what shall we do!" Just here a bright idea struck her, and she continued: "Come right straight along here and get down on your knees and let your mother daub you. Yes, my darling, your mother

must daub you, or the Indians will see you and kill us every one." Warren was an obedient son. He came, and meekly upon his knees, submitted to the behest of his mother, and most successfully "daubed" by her loving and affectionate hand.

Our braves soon returned, bringing the welcome news that Mr. Cazort and his family still lingered in the land of the living. They saw no Indians, heard no war hoop, and were fully convinced that the whole thing was a false alarm. Quiet was again restored; but it was only for a short time. We were doomed to drink the bitter cup to its dregs. In my next I will give some very interesting particulars connected with the second bloodless war in the nation.

THE SECOND INDIAN WAR

At the close of my last paper, I promised to give in this some interesting particulars of the second Creek Indian war in the Cherokee nation. My recollection is that in about two months after the afore said reported murder of Cazort and his family, a man by the name of Churchwell Jackson, in connection with two other gentlemen, whose names I do not now remember, arrested a man at the grogshop of Jackson by the name of Thomas Chambers, who was a stranger to the whites in the nation. He had been seen at Jackson's grocery two or three times a day for a week or two. His conduct was of such a character as to cause the whites to suspect that his purpose was to aid the Indians in carrying out some fiendish plot. He evidently ate and slept with them, and was often seen in secret council with small groups of them. He had but little to say to the whites, Jackson and his two friends determined to arrest him, which they did, and brought him before Esquire Hezekiah Day. Chambers had made some confessions to his captors which confirmed their suspicions of his guilt. The news of the capture of Chambers spread like fire in a prairie. In the course of a few hours the men, women and children of the white population for many a mile around met at the "Squire's cabin." After due consultation it was agreed to put Chambers on his oath.

HE WAS SWORN

After which he was informed by one Mr. James Step that he was to die by being shot to death with rifle bullets, "just as

soon as he finished givin' his testimony." I never in life have seen a man more completely unstrung by the fear of death. His voice trembled, his limbs shook, and the palpitation of his heart could positively be heard by the bystanders. Two gentlemen were appointed to write down his statement.

HE SWORE

That the Indians, were, according to agreement, to begin their work of death on the following Sunday night. This was on Thursday evening. He swore that the programme was to kill all the whites from the cradle to gray hairs, except the young and handsome among females to whom the warriors might take a fancy. All such were to be taken as "squaws." They were to take all the available property of the whites and appropriate it to their own uses. They expected, he said, to get a good quantity of guns and ammunition. As soon as their bloody work should be accomplished they were to return with their booty to the seat of war in their own nation.—They might not be ready to begin on Sunday night; if not, they would certainly be ready by the following night. The witness was questioned, requestioned, and cross questioned, and in fact all kinds of questions were put to him; but his answers only confirmed his original statements. When they had finished questioning the prisoner, Mr. James Step (familarly known as "Jim Step") took up his gun and in the most positive manner swore he would

SHOOT THE PRISONER

My father and some others, who were more merciful than Step, interposed and prevented him from murdering the poor fellow at that time; what became of him afterwards I do not know. I was told that he was "turned loose," but I have learned in later years that this expression often means simply to convey the idea of being "thoroughly killed," but "denied a burial."

It was growing late. The women and children must be carried to some place of safety. A good portion of our crowd determined to go to my grandfather's Mr. Thomas Miller, who lived in the centre of an Old Indian field, in a little Indian cabin 12 x 14. At the end of this "big-house stood the kitchen, which was considerably smaller than the dwelling. In our party

there were two boys, who were in that state hich my grandfather as pleased to denominate "hob bidy-boy—neither man nor boy."—These two hopefuls were known by the respective names of John and Bill. John had a sister, younger than himself, by the name of Bettie; Bill had a sister, about the age of Bettie, by the name of Mahaly, John and Bill had agreed to swap each his sister to the other for sweetheart. These juvenile lovers enjoyed refugeeing from the Indians as no others of our party did. It afforded them opportunity of being in each other's company. We reached our place of destination about sunset. No sooner had our young lovers reached the house than they assembled in the kitchen; and oh! can I ever forget the demonstrations of the tender passion that were given in that kitchen? Both couples were remakably fond of kissing. In the midst of their enjoyment the old lady of the house spoke out, in a loud and unmistakable voice: "Boys, come out of that kitchen and go get some wood to cook supper with, or you'll get nothing to eat here to night."

The boys hastened to imprint another kiss upon the cheeks of their dearly beloved ones, and in a moment were wending their way to the forest for wood. They knew full well that the old lady had to obeyed. On their way in quest of wood John said: "Bill, I folly, I'm a man, caze dad's shoe jist fits my foot 'zactly." John was rather of a tallowish hue and illy grown, but his "understanding" was of immense proportions—i.e. he had a very large foot. I suppose his gross weight was about seventy pounds. Bill replied: "Well, hoss, I guess I'm some man myself, 'cause dad's britches jist fits me to a tee." Bill's father was a very small man, but little if any above five feet in height. In our party there was a lady by the name of Sandling, who had with her a servant girl of about ten summers, and of pure African "scent". As these two hopefuls approached the house, the writer noticed their sweethearts on the way to the spring; he also saw the aforesaid little servant maid going into the kitchen. As John threw the wood from his shoulder he rushed into the kitchen. It was now growing dark. John saw a female form in the chair in hich he had left his "dulcine." He rushed to her, embraced and kissed her; but seeming to have some idea of the mistake, he said, in most sorrowful accents: "Is this you, Haley?" The response was: "No, it's me—Nerva." Oh, horror! He had made a mistake and kissed Mrs. S.'s little servant girl! Poor John never ceased to hear of that kiss while

the writer knew him.—John still lives in Cherokee, and no doubt will have a feeling recollection of the above incident when he reads this paper.

COURIERS

Were sent to all the white settlements, and active preparations were being made to give the Indians a warm reception. The men of our party thought it proper to carry the women and children across the river. So, late in the evening of the day following the capture of Chambers, our party moved on, like an army of infantry, to Cothurn's ferry. It was deep dark before the entire party had crossed the Coosa. It was resolved to bring the ferry boat and both canoes to the opposite side of the river from the Indians. Having done this, we felt a thousand-fold more secure. It seemed that the fact that all Indians are good swimmers was lost sight of. We wended our way through the canebrake to the cabin of Mr. McWright, who I suppose lived near one mile from the ferry, up the river. He had parted the cane and chopped it with his axe, so as to afford a foot-path. Our party, moved on cautiously, feeling their way. I think it would be safe to say that some one of our juveniles cut or snagged his foot on a cut cane every rod of the way from that ferry to Mac's cabin. Every time a little fellow would cut his foot we were sure to hear a cry. One old lady of our party had a full half dozen of the noisiest little fellows it has ever been my fortune to meet in a pilgrimage of fifty years. One of her urchins, of about ten summers, cried out, "Oh, Lordy.! oh, Lordy! I'm killed dead! My foot is cut smack in two!" His affectionate mother screamed out so loud that she could have been heard a full mile, "Shut your confounded mouth! The Injins will hear you a-cryin' and come and kill us every one." He cried on. Again her soothing voice, rising louder than before: "Dod-rot you! I wish the Injins would kill you and scalp you, you infernal fool you! Never had no sense nohow."

When we reached McWright's cabin we found him and his family asleep. They had not heard of our late troubles. He welcomed us to his cabin, and our party slept in and around it until next morning. He had about three acres of corn around his house, all in the roasting-ear-state. His wife rose early, milked their only sow, which was as fat as a butter-ball. While his wife was milking, McWright was loading his gun. When she

finished milking he shot his cow down, and she was soon reduced to beef. He had no salt to season the beef with, but we boiled and roasted and ate roasting-ears with it, and satisfied the demands of hunger. In all my travels I have never met a more generous-hearted or nobler spirited man.

The whites met from all parts of the country and marched in force upon the Creek town, dispersing them without firing a gun. Soon after, General Nelson, with a small army, collected the Indians together and carried them to Arkansas.

Nelson crossed the Coosa with them at Cothurn's ferry. I never will forget their woebegone appearance. Quite a number of their aged females, true to the instincts of their sex, were carrying large pots and other articles necessary to housekeeping. As the whites had but few baggage wagons, these women carried their plunder on their backs. Their men never cumbered themselves with any burdens while the Indians were crossing the river, some low-down white men stood on the bank and shot the dogs of the Indians as they ere swimming across. I saw many an Indian shed tears as his dog was killed. Near Jack Nichol's in the edge of Chattooga valley, we were informed a baggage wagon broke down. Gen. Nelson ordered the Indians to take their baggage out of the wagon, which all obeyed except one, who refused. Nelson ordered out twelve men to shoot him, which they did, shooting out both his eyeballs and riddling his body with bullets. After being shot he jumped on a pony, uttered a groan, and fell dead. Years after, I was present at the erecting of a monument, at Calhoun Ga. to the memory of General Nelson. While the orators of the occassion were presenting his virtues, I could but think of the poor Indian he had, I thought unnecessarily murdered.

After the Creeks left, the whites and Cherokees lived on amicable terms until they were carried to the West. With the departure of the Creeks the Indian wars of Cherokee came to an end. Many amusing little incidents occurred during our Indian troubles that I may recur to again. I propose to notice religious and educational progress in Cherokee in my next.

